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PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG

THE
CABINET
PORTRAIT GALLERY

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THE CABINET PORTRAIT GALLERY.

H.R.H. PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG.



WHEN middle-aged people read in the Court Intelligence or in sundry newspaper paragraphs that their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg have left London for Darmstadt, and that Her Royal Highness with her children are with Her Majesty the Queen at Osborne, they are almost at a loss to identify the lady referred to as that Princess Beatrice for whom a great regard and affection has always been manifested by the English people, because she is the youngest of the children of a beloved sovereign, and was the "Baby" of those later happy days of the Queen's married life and the daughter who remained to become her assiduous loving companion. It is not easy, when reading of the Princess Beatrice and her four children, to realise that this honoured lady was the little baby "'Trix," who with all the other royal children stood at the door of the house at Osborne to welcome home the Queen and the Prince Consort on their return from the visit to Cherbourg, whither they had been invited by the Emperor and Empress of the French to the fêtes which were to celebrate the completion of the gigantic works of harbour defence and the great maritime basin. The visit, though it was made in a private capacity, had been fatiguing because of its significance, and the Queen was looking forward to the domestic repose of Osborne. In the Queen's letters to the married daughter, the Crown Princess of Prussia, there were often references to the quaint sayings and pretty ways of the youngest sister, who was but nine months old when the Princess Victoria was married.

The Princess Beatrice, born on the 14th of April, 1857, was but fifteen when the marriage of the Princess Louise left her to fulfil some of the duties to which she would have to devote herself as the only daughter who remained to be the constant home companion to the widowed Queen. Ten years had elapsed since her father, in the lassitude which was the precursor of his fatal

illness, could yet laugh and find amusement in listening to her recitation of some French verses. The first prominent occasion on which the youthful princess first appeared in public, in the sense of taking part in a great popular demonstration, was when, on the 27th of February, 1872, she accompanied the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales to Saint Paul's Cathedral to offer grateful thanks for the recovery of the prince from his long and serious illness. Her appearance then was regarded by the people with great satisfaction, for the popular sympathy, which is very quick at seizing and strong in retaining an impression, had already gone out to the young princess, who was regarded as the daughter with whom the sovereign could not well endure to part, as she was the youngest, and it was believed had affectionately devoted herself to that duty of filial companionship, which had become accentuated by a community of tastes.

The people of England had begun to inquire whether she would also be the foremost figure in a royal wedding. Her peaceful, domestic, yet actively beneficent life, was known to include unusual accomplishments, considerable attainments in art and music, and those graces of life which distinguished the daughters of the Queen. Would not the time soon come when the youngest child would be sought in marriage, as her sisters had been at an earlier age than hers?

The question was answered after the return of the Queen and the princess from Darmstadt, where the eldest daughter of the late Princess Alice had been married to Prince Louis of Battenberg, son of Prince Alexander of Battenberg (Hesse). Here the Princess Beatrice met the Prince Henry of Battenberg, a younger son of Prince Alexander and the Countess von Lauk, daughter of a former Polish Minister of War, who was raised to the rank of princess on her morganatic marriage with the ruler of Hesse. Prince Henry, who is a few months younger than the Princess Beatrice, had obtained the consent of Her Majesty the Queen on the occasion of another visit to Darmstadt at the end of April, 1885, and in July of the same year preparations were made in London for the marriage, which took place on the 23rd of that month at Whippingham Church, in the parish where the royal residence at Osborne is situate.

The children of the Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg are Alexander Albert, born November 23rd, 1886; Victoria Eugénie Julia Ena, born October 24th, 1887; Leopold Arthur Louis, born May 21st, 1889; and Maurice Victor Donald, born October 3rd, 1891.



W. & D. DOWNY,

MR. HENRY IRVING.

57 & 59, Finsbury Street, London.

MR. HENRY IRVING.



HAT a fruitful source of deceptive encouragement to young actors there must lie in the circumstance that Henry Irving, the most famous and the most highly honoured, if not, as his more enthusiastic admirers would perhaps contend, the greatest tragedian of the century, met in his earliest efforts with complete and almost heart-breaking failure! Irving was still in the eyes of the public an awkward, pretentious, and second-rate performer, without promise, when Dickens seeing him in *Uncle Dick's Darling*, gave expression to the prophecy, "This young man will be a great actor." It seems strange that it should have required the keen vision of the great novelist to note a something of distinction in the Irving of those days, with his remarkable cast of features, his raven locks and flashing eyes, however self-conscious, stilted, and *gauche* may have been his acting; but the fact remains that his pre-eminent gifts remained unacknowledged until many years afterwards, when, on his assumption of the rôle of Matthias in *The Bells* in a half-empty Lyceum, he sprang at one bound into celebrity. He had been acting for over three years in London before this, had taken part both in comedy and in melodrama, and had scored one distinct success as Digby Grant in *The Two Roses*; but as yet theatre-goers did not suspect that he was anything more than a clever character-actor: as Matthias he made their blood run cold—he froze the marrow in their bones. Mr. Clement Scott, the well-known dramatic critic, was the first to blazon forth Mr. Irving's triumph, and he did so with such effect that the new actor's name was soon in everyone's mouth. On his return to London, after a brief visit to Manchester, he became the rage. Everyone went to see his Charles I., his Eugene Aram, his Richelieu, and his Hamlet; and society was split up into a majority of ardent Irvingites, and a not inconsiderable minority of anti-Irvingites. Mr. William Archer, in his clever volume *About the Theatre*, compares the position of a popular actor, ever seeing himself as it were, reflected in countless Press notices—enthusiastic, friendly,

indifferent, unappreciative, hostile, malignant—to that of a man who should be imprisoned in a room floored, walled, and roofed with mirrors, convex, concave, and plane, of every shape and size. It would be interesting to know what effect was produced on Mr. Irving by the public canvassing at this time—indeed, it still continues—of his every quality and his every feature. With what feelings did he turn from reading that his Hamlet was the ideal Hamlet, to read that his acting was characterised by the very ranting and mouthing that Hamlet himself ridicules; from the criticism which complained that he was always Irving, that he had no versatility, to the criticism which retorted that versatility was the ruin of great acting, and that he was luckily “no jelly that could run into every mould”; from the paragraph that applauded the rollicking gaiety of Mr. Jingle to the paragraph which compared that “rollicking gaiety” to the gaiety of a pauper’s funeral in a snowstorm; from the note by a distinguished musical critic on the beauty of his voice to that of a distinguished dramatic critic on the faultiness of his elocution; from an appreciative reference to an effective exit as Malvolio to the drily expressed opinion that in his exits he was at his best?

The dissension of opinion that has always existed as to Mr. Irving’s qualities is most remarkable. The recipient of praises as high as were ever accorded to any actor from Garrick down to Macready, he stands almost alone in the curious limitation of his popularity.

Mr. Irving’s chief productions are so well known that it is hardly necessary to allude to them by name. They have been attended by quite extraordinary success, and have given proof of Mr. Irving’s scholarship, critical acumen, and taste, no less than of his gifts as an actor. *Henry VIII.*, the latest addition to his Shakespearian list, has been not the least successful. It is complained that his Wolsey has too dignified a carriage, too great an air of distinction, for the sometime “butcher’s cur,” but one might as fairly object that the butcher’s cur would be incapable of, for instance, the Speech to Cromwell. There are butchers and butchers, and “Nature’s Noblemen” is not a mere meaningless expression. But if Irving be untrue to life, he is certainly true to Shakespeare, and they sin, if at all, together. As Wolsey and as Richelieu—the two parts have sometimes been played by him on the same day—Mr. Irving’s mannerisms seem less pronounced, and certainly are less distracting than when accompanying what should be the princely carriage of Hamlet, or the bravery, the military swagger, the “side” of Benedick. And his Romeo! Well,

as a witty lady once expressed it, the words, "Thou awful man," addressed to Irving's Romeo, acquired a new significance.

Perhaps his most admirable performances—besides Matthias and Cardinal Wolsey—are in the widely differing characters of Dr. Primrose and of the Corsican Brothers. The quiet humour, the gentle dignity, the anguish, the anger, the love of the charming pastor, are depicted by him with consummate art; whilst the air of romance, the sense of fatefulness, thrown into the representation of the handsome, sombre, picturesque Corsicans makes of it a triumph of melodrama.

Mr. Irving has earned a splendid position, as Lord Coleridge said when presiding over the great banquet given in honour of the eminent actor prior to his first American visit, *in republicâ tanquam in scená*. Even those who fail to see more in him than a picturesque and often thrilling melodramatic actor agree that he fills his acknowledged position as head of his profession with dignity and grace; and no one will be found to deny his right to the honours he bears thick upon him—the honours paid him by universities in England, Ireland, Scotland, and America; the honour—never before bestowed upon an actor—of election as an honorary member of the Athenæum; and the honour of personal friendship with the highest in position, as well as with the greatest in intellect, and the noblest in character.

MR. JOHN BURNS, M.P.



TO the majority of the educated and well-to-do classes, John Burns probably still continues to represent the incarnation of that spirit of anarchy and enmity to law and order which until recently men of both political parties and of all religious sects agreed in attributing to the professed Socialist. But it is a significant fact that this man, who six years ago stood his trial at the Old Bailey for seditious conspiracy, and who, both before and after that event, was frequently in the dock for asserting the right of meeting and of speech, has now by sheer force of character and intellect made himself recognised on all hands as the ablest and most devoted champion of the workers that the poorer classes have yet produced.

Born in London in 1858, he received his education at an elementary school ; later on he burnt the midnight oil assiduously, and so amassed considerable knowledge, at the same time gathering together a well-selected stock of books. He was set to work at ten years of age, has been in a cotton factory, served his time as an engineer, and has worked at his trade on the West Coast of Africa. He became a member of the Social Democratic Federation, and contested Western Nottingham as a Socialist at the Parliamentary Election of 1885, receiving 598 votes. In 1886 occurred his trial in company with Mr. H. M. Hyndman for seditious conspiracy, in which he was acquitted ; whilst in January, 1888, he was sentenced, together with Mr. Cunninghame Graham, M.P., to six weeks' imprisonment, for insisting on the right to speak in Trafalgar Square. He has represented the Union to which he belongs, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, at the Annual Trades' Union Congress, where he is one of those adopting the tactics which have caused a differentiation of trades' unionism into "new" and "old." It was as a "new" unionist that he was invited by the Dock Labourers to assist them in their struggle in 1889, and it was in his conduct of this great strike that he first displayed those qualities of leadership, that capacity for work, and that sympathy with the poor, which have won him the entire confidence of the working classes, and which have extorted from all classes alike that admiration and respect which ability and integrity always command. In 1889 he was elected by Battersea as a Representative of



W & D. DOWNEY,

MR. JOHN BURNS.

27 & 29, Henry Street, London.

Labour on the first London County Council, and was re-elected in 1892, when he polled more votes than any other Progressive candidate. His fellow-workmen subscribe to pay him the wages he would otherwise earn at his trade, and in the interest of labour he has worked on the Council with a vigilance and a dogged determination that have borne the most excellent fruit.

Speaking of the delegates at a Congress, John Burns once remarked that physically the "new" unionists were smaller men than the "old," and he attributed this to the greater intensity of toil during the last twenty or thirty years, which had told very much on the young. He is himself short of stature, but of sturdy build, and relates with a degree of pride how he was complimented on his chest development by the surgeon at the hospital to which he was taken when he fractured his collar-bone at football. An enthusiast for cricket, football, boxing, and field-sports generally, he is frequently to be seen with his wife playing tennis on Clapham Common. He is a total abstainer, a non-smoker, a singer of songs, and a great believer in the virtues of the daily tub. He lives in Battersea, and though only thirty-four years of age, his hard work has somewhat aged him, and has thickly streaked his black hair with grey.

It is in connection with the Eight Hour Movement that he is best known politically, the Eight Hours Day being in his opinion an indispensable preliminary, giving leisure to the democracy to face better those questions concerning the material, social, moral, and intellectual advancement of the skilled and unskilled labourers, upon which the future of this country so much depends. It is scarcely necessary to add that he is an ardent advocate of the Legal Eight Hours Day as opposed to the Eight Hours Day by trades union combination.

On the 6th July, 1892, he was elected to Parliament as a Labour representative for Battersea, one of the largest constituencies in London, a fact full of hope for the workers, and of great significance to the existing political parties, from which the working classes appear to be gradually detaching themselves. The oratorical gift, tireless industry, and sympathetic disinterestedness of this "paid agitator" will here find a new and more extensive field, into which innuendoes and aspersions will doubtless follow him, though his acknowledged good work on the County Council should at least protect him from accusations of self-interest. A characteristic story is told of him when lecturing upon one occasion at the gates of Battersea Park. He had on a new suit which attracted the attention of one of the audience, who sneeringly commented on the fact, and remarked that agitation seemed to pay. The rest of the audience resented this, but were quieted, and the discomfited sneerer driven away by the story of

the acquisition of the clothes. It appeared that a representative of Madame Tussaud had waited on him for permission to exhibit him in wax, and permission having been given, a further request was made for the old suit he was wearing, in order to make the presentment more natural. This he was willing enough to part with, except for the fact that it was the only suit he possessed, and that being the case, an exchange highly satisfactory to both parties was speedily arranged, and John Burns was new suited. Later on Louis Tussaud from the rival establishment came on a similar errand, and another exchange was effected, and doubtless, if there are any more waxworks requiring old jersey suits, John Burns is ready to do business with them on similar terms.

Sums of money amounting to thousands of pounds have been offered him at various times, but he steadfastly refuses to accept any contributions, even to his parliamentary election expenses, which might in the smallest degree affect his freedom of action as an independent Labour representative. His ultimate political programme may perhaps be most clearly shown by the resolution which he supported at the Liverpool Trades' Union Congress in 1890, and which ran thus: "That no Labour candidate should be elected to Parliament unless he is in favour of nationalisation of the land, the mines, the railways, and the means of production, distribution, and exchange."





W. & D. DOWNEY.

MISS MARION LEA.

57 & 61, Ebury Street, London.

MISS MARION LEA.



INSTANTANEOUS successes are sufficiently rare occurrences in themselves to be noteworthy; but that an immediate triumph should be won by an absolute novice to the stage is so remarkable that it indicates the possession of something approaching genius on the part of the *débutante*.

This was Miss Lea's fortunate experience. Originally intended for the operatic stage—for she possesses a sweet, though not very strong voice—she was advised by Jenny Lind to take counsel of Signor Garcia. This wise advice she followed, with the result that the opera lost an intelligent exponent, while the drama gained a consummate actress. It was in the comparatively small part of Audrey, in *As You Like It*, that Miss Lea first appeared, and literally took the theatrical world by storm, and, in our humble judgment, it still remains her finest impersonation. Few who saw that memorable performance will forget the delightful rustic charm, the inimitable awkward simplicity, the freshness which characterised Miss Lea's rendering; and it is no disparagement to the Rosalind to say that she was completely eclipsed by a hitherto unsuspected rival. After an interval, during which London saw far too little of the talented young American actress—for Miss Lea is by birth an American—another great success was scored in Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*. Together with Miss Elizabeth Robins—a compatriot—Miss Lea produced at a *matinée* the latest of the Norwegian master's dramas, and set the world of dramatic criticism ablaze. So great was the interest excited by this truly remarkable performance, that the piece was transferred to the evening bill, where it ran for some little while. To Miss Lea was assigned the part of the weak, clinging Thea Elvsted, a perfect contrast to the masculine, bold, wicked Hedda. That the exponent of Shakespeare's Audrey should be fitted to play such a part as that of Mrs. Elvsted would seem at first sight incredible, and it is only another proof of Miss Lea's versatile genius that she was able to so thoroughly invest herself in the part as to make it seem impossible for any to come after her. Indeed, the characteristic feature of this really excellent performance was the way in which each actor and actress was so perfectly fitted in the rôle which he or she assumed.

substantial hold on the public is further acclaimed by the exceptional prices commanded by his canvases. As a matter of fact, the artist's career, together with the subject-matter he deals with, and which has made his career what it is, form a curious and altogether characteristic protest against the prevalent realism of the day. What if Naturalism, as we are constantly informed, has swept Europe, from Scandinavia to Sicily, to us in England M. Zola still speaks idle words and Degas' ballet girls beckon to us wholly in vain. The great English public remains—in its artistic prejudices—on the side of the angels, and Mr. Dicksee, from conviction, from natural bent and temperament, is on the side of the English public.

A mere list of the artist's works sufficiently acclaim the school to which he belongs. Is not the word "Romanticism" writ large on nearly every canvas to which the painter has put his hand? "The Embarkation," a pathetic theme taken from Longfellow's poem "Evangeline," followed hard on "Harmony." "The Symbol," an old-world Italian scene, in which a riotous band of revellers is suddenly sobered by the sight of a crucifix, preceded by a mere twelve months Mr. Dicksee's well-known "Love Story." An illustration of the Parable of the Ten Virgins followed, to be succeeded by "Romeo and Juliet" (a canvas again etched by Waltner), and in due course by "Chivalry," a romantic picture commissioned by Mr. Aird. Nor does this list exhaust the tale of the artist's achievements.

"Memories," in which Mr. Dicksee again portrayed a graceful maiden seated at a musical instrument, brought the painter well-nigh as many admirers as his first essay, though in this instance a more sombre note is struck than in the purely sentimental theme of "Harmony." The single figure called "Hesperia," in which a rich red dress is contrasted with open-air surroundings, saw the light in '87; the following year Mr. Dicksee produced "Within the Shadow of the Church," and again, at equal intervals, "The Passing of Arthur" and "The Redemption of Tannhäuser." It was left, however, for the later work, "The Mountain of the Winds," to stir popular imagination to something like the enthusiasm raised by Mr. Dicksee's initial effort. For if "Harmony" made Mr. Frank Dicksee an Associate of the Royal Academy, no less certainly the prestige of "The Mountain of the Winds" brought the painter the still higher award bestowed upon him in 1891.

there was little let or hindrance. There was art talk and art enthusiasm enough in the Russell Place house, for the elder Dicksee (whose pictures are by no means unknown on Academy walls) was an artist, and encouraged his youngsters to early use their eyes and hands. The result was a happy one for all concerned, for Frank Dicksee found not only the doors of the Academy schools open to him at the comparatively early age of seventeen, but that parental aid had stood him in such good stead as to enable him to win in 1872 the silver medal for a drawing from the antique. A gold medal followed in three years' time, the prize being gained for the picture "Elijah confronting Ahab and Jezebel in Naboth's Vineyard," a canvas destined to be hung, and hung in a tolerably good place, on the walls of Burlington House.

The powers of the boy developed, in truth, at a fairly astonishing rate. The picture "Harmony," which it is not too much to say made the fortunes of its author, was produced in 1877, when the young man was barely twenty-four years of age, while the, in many respects, still finer work, the portrait group of Sir William Welby-Gregory and his wife, the Hon. Lucy Welby-Gregory, followed hard on its heels. Few living artists have made so great a stir early in life or have become so famous in their twenties. "Harmony" received the coveted honour of being bought by the Council under the terms of the Chantrey bequest, while Mr. Agnew, securing the copyright of the picture, published an etching of it by Waltner, which quickly carried the fame of the canvas beyond seas and made Mr. Dicksee's name a household word in the colonies. Though less well known, the portrait group already alluded to had merits of no mean order. Re-exhibited in 1891 at the Society of Portrait Painters, the group claimed not only the attention, but the admiration of the critical, and convinced all and sundry that Mr. Frank Dicksee could, if he chose, take a foremost place among the portrait-painters of our time.

That he has chosen otherwise, that he has deliberately refused so lucrative an employment, says much for his disinterestedness. But in truth the artist's eyes have been fixed elsewhere. It was with the picture of sentiment that he first captured the public, and it is probably with the picture of sentiment that the painter will continue to the end. And who shall say that Mr. Dicksee has not had his reward? Elected an Associate of the Royal Academy at the age of twenty-seven, eleven years were not allowed to elapse before the young man attained full Academic honours, while his

MR. FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.



It was not without a certain significance that the newspapers announced the promotion of Mr. Frank Dicksee from Associateship to full Academic honours, "in the room of Mr. Edwin Long." The two artists, though the powers of the one had been as steadily ripening as the other had been unfortunately waning, occupied something of an analogous position in popular regard. Both painters, to put the thing in a nutshell, were pre-eminently popular painters; both painters had equally a genius for the selection of attractive subjects; both painters were equally untouched by the catching—the all-pervading and apparently all-seductive—doctrines of M. Dagnan-Bouveret and M. Bastien-Lepage. The artistic insularism of the older man was not, indeed, surprising. In Mr. Edwin Long's youth, English artists thought more of the traditions of their own school and less of the fads and fashions prevalent in the *ateliers* of the Parc Monceau. In those days impressionism, the theories of *plein air* and the later machinations of the so-called *vibrists*, were things undreamt of, and French methods, in artistic matters, were emphatically not our methods. But we have changed all this, or times have changed. From small beginnings and the most modest of outputs the Newlyn school now promises to carry things with a high hand. Mr. Hacker's Gallicised Virgins are caught up for the Chantrey bequest and the names of Mr. Sargent and Mr. Whistler are names to conjure with.

More marvel, then, that Mr. Frank Dicksee—the youngest by not a few years of our Royal Academicians—should have resisted what seems so irresistible a tide. Innovations, as we know, are especially dear to the young, yet Mr. Dicksee's severest critic can hardly accuse him of borrowed means, or of being in any sort the purveyor of borrowed methods. Something in the artist's birth and environment, something in his natural bent and training, may have gone to build up what is uncompromising in his attitude. Born in London, on the 27th of November, 1853, Frank Dicksee's youth was spent in a street hard by Fitzroy Square, and later in a Bloomsbury school, from which he escaped, at the enthusiastic age of sixteen, to pursue the more arduous, if more attractive, studies of his craft. In these studies



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MR. FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

57 & 61, Ebury Street, London.

In 1891 Miss Lea was married to Mr. Elwyn Mitchell, an American, and a dramatist who had attained considerable success. To Miss Lea, this event was, no doubt, and still continues to be, a cause for unmixed satisfaction; to London play goers it has proved the source of no less unmitigated disappointment, and they have cause to bear a grudge against Mr. Mitchell, for, in 1892, he returned to America, and, worse still, he took Mrs. Mitchell with him.

The disgusted London play-goer, however, must conceal his feelings, and content himself with expressing the hope that he may still see Miss Marion Lea over in England, and that, while winning fresh laurels in the land of her birth, she may yet be induced to re-visit the land where she won her first triumphs.



MR. JEROME K. JEROME.



EROME K. JEROME (accent on the first syllable) is an Englishman by birth, and was born in 1861. His father was a large colliery proprietor, whose mine was "drowned out," and who died leaving his son to fight fickle fortune almost single-handed. He was known among his friends as a shy, quiet boy, with an omnivorous appetite for books. Of course, he scribbled at an early age, and, like most young authors, received very little encouragement. "The good-natured friend," or relative, of the old comedy was ever at his elbow, after the manner of friends and relatives, to throw cold water on his ambitious attempts. Some of these attempts were humorous, others pathetic. But one should not be ungrateful to these discouragers of genius, for it is probably owing to their well-meant efforts that Jerome K. Jerome developed that firmness of purpose which has so largely aided him in after-life. One has only to read him carefully to see the iron will surmounting all difficulties, taking obstacles as a matter of course and overcoming them, which has enabled him to attain his present position. But in those early days when he successively became actor, reporter, usher, solicitor, and half-a-dozen other callings, a little encouragement would have saved him many a bitter pang, many a heart-break, many a despondent moment. People talk of the ring of letters; that there is no entrance within its charmed circle for an outsider; that a man must have influence, connections, wealth, before he can penetrate it. With none of these adventitious aids to success, Mr. Jerome has succeeded. He is a young man, who has only commenced what he is going to do. Those who know him intimately are confident that within the next few years he will make a fresh departure; that he has not yet reached his limitations, or produced the work by which he is to be judged.

But the first upward steps, like most upward steps, were very difficult. "Idle Thoughts" went the rounds of the publishers, and, although preceded by "On the Stage and Off," found no welcome, one gentleman, it is rumoured, helplessly confessing that he could see nothing in it, and that it was rubbish. At the present day there are 150,000 reasons why this judgment should be reversed, that is to say, if an equal number of buyers of the work in question is any criterion.



W. & G. LONDON.

MR. JEROME K. JEROME.

57 & 59, DUNSTON STREET, LONDON.

After "Idle Thoughts" came "Three Men in a Boat," in *Home Chimes*, edited by F. W. Robinson. Most people are unaware of the existence of this unpretentious little magazine. It is only when a man makes his mark that it transpires, as in the case of Jerome and J. M. Barrie, that he first began to write under Mr. Robinson's fostering care. Besides Mr. Robinson's many claims to distinction, there is this additional one: he has probably saved more would-be Chattertons from despair than any other writer of the century. After "Three Men in a Boat" came "Stageland," "The Diary of a Pilgrimage," and "Told After Supper." Both "Idle Thoughts" and "Three Men in a Boat" have been translated into French, German, and Scandinavian; "The Diary of a Pilgrimage" has also appeared in German.

All this time, Mr. Jerome had never ceased writing for the stage. That pathetic little tale of renunciation and self-sacrifice, *Barbara*, was his first success. It still holds the stage, and is perhaps more often played than any other one-act piece. *Barbara* was followed by some half-dozen other plays, long and short, the most conspicuous of which are *Fennel*, *Old Lamps for New*, *Woodbarrow Farm*, and *The County Councillor*, written in conjunction with Mr. Eden Phillpotts. This last has been successfully produced in America, and will before long be played in London. Mr. Daly also holds ready for production an adaptation by Mr. Jerome of Sudermann's famous play *Die Ehre*.

In their intervals of leisure, Mr. Jerome and Mr. Robert Barr ("Luke Sharp") found time to plan out *The Idler*, a magazine which has been phenomenally successful from its first number. One secret of its success is these gentlemen's discovery that people don't want to be perpetually instructed or bored. And they have succeeded in impressing their views on most of the brilliant young writers they have gathered round them. *The Idler* is emphatically a young magazine in the sense that most of its contributors are young men who have the courage of their convictions. And they are generally brief. Mr. Jerome is a successful editor for the simple reason that he welcomes talent wherever he finds it. Moreover, youthful genius gravitates towards him from all quarters of the globe, confident of a kindly hearing. Youthful genius is sometimes very trying, but Mr. Jerome is patient and long-suffering. He has even been known to write seven letters in a vain attempt to make a young lady understand how to pronounce his name; and it was only when she wrote for the eighth time that he gravely informed her it was accented on the "a" *tepenultimate*."

Mr. Jerome's habits of work are not distinguished by any great peculiarity.

He writes very slowly, with a quill, on narrow-lined sermon paper, seldom revising when he has once committed his thoughts to writing. For weeks previous to beginning a new book, he is restless and unhappy. When it has once taken possession of him, he goes methodically to work, thinking out the minutest detail in midnight strolls. Every morning when at home he works until twelve, then reads his letters, lunches, refreshes himself by two or three hours' vigorous work at *The Idler* office, and returns to Alpha Place to dinner. He is generally to be seen in the stalls on first nights, accompanied by Mrs. Jerome, but is much too busy a man to go very generally into society.

To the casual reader, Mr. Jerome appears a man of sunny temperament. In reality, he is a lover of the sombre and grey, of pessimistic poetry, and stories of a tragic tendency. He says that the discovery he was a humorist surprised him even more than it did his relations. In manner, he is quiet and reserved, seldom speaking much unless in the society of children or old friends. He once officiated with a magic-lantern, and was severely cross-examined by a small girl of seven as to why he introduced the Ark upside down. When he pleaded that he thought the animals would like to stand on their heads for a change, the juvenile theologian wanted to know how they could be expected to say their prayers in such an awful attitude, and the subject was hastily changed.) He is very fond of children and animals, grapples his friends to him with hooks of steel, and is never so happy as when one of them makes a hit. Although short-sighted, Mr. Jerome is a good tennis and billiard player, rides well, and knows every inch of the Thames by heart. Change of scene is a necessity to a man of his chronic restlessness. But he always comes back to London. Its dense crowds and intense vitality have an irresistible attraction for him. He knows the great metropolis as well as Dickens did; his popularity is increasing day by day, and he is as well known in America as in England. In addition, he has an insatiate appetite for work, and is one of the busiest men in London.



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THE RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE.

THE RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE.



“ANY-SIDEDNESS” is the glory of the older English universities. Mr. Bryce, however, is not merely many-sided; he unites Scotch and English versatility with the thoroughness and grasp exhibited by the ablest of German professors. He has worked in many departments and has mastered each. When he finds time to sleep, no man knows. A first-rate classical scholar, an eminent historian

and lawyer, a learned botanist and geologist, the possessor of a marvellous faculty for acquiring languages (he once made a two hours' political speech in German) a traveller in many lands, a mountain climber of distinction and (at least in one famous ascent) of daring, he combines qualities which have seldom, if ever, been united in a Minister of the Crown.

Mr. Bryce is by birth an Ulsterman. His family in the seventeenth century were Covenanters; his grandfather and namesake, a minister of a Presbyterian dissentient body, who settled in Belfast, defended liberal theology and spiritual independence against the bulk of his Church. Professor Bryce's father—another James Bryce—head master of the Glasgow High School, was a teacher of great ability and repute, widely read in many subjects, especially geology, in which he did much original work, and in the practical study of which he lost his life. His son, now a Minister of the Crown, was born at Belfast on May 10th, 1838. Educated under his father, and at the University of Glasgow, he was elected to a scholarship at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1857. The scholars of Trinity have usually been a distinguished body. At earlier dates they had numbered E. A. Freeman and John Henry Newman among them; while Professor A. V. Dicey, and the present Bishop of Oxford—the chief of English constitutional historians—have been Fellows of the college.

Mr. Bryce's first distinctions were, curiously enough, in pure classical scholarship. He gained the two Gaisford Greek Prizes for Thucydidean prose and Theocritean verse; First Class in “Mods” and “Greats,” the Craven University Scholarship and the Chancellor's Prize for a Latin essay. Diverging then into the chief studies of his after life, he obtained a First Class in

the old School of Law and History, and the Vinerian Scholarship in Law. But, judging by its fruits, his greatest university success was the Arnold Prize Essay on the Holy Roman Empire—a work of wonderful grasp and brilliant promise, which, expanded from time to time, has passed through six or eight editions, has been translated into German and Italian, and has taken its place in the first rank of historical classics.

Mr. Bryce, however, did not long remain at Oxford. He worked at chemistry there for some time, and took pupils, including Mr. Walter Pater; studied law for a time at Heidelberg; became a member of Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the Bar in 1867. He wrote a legal work on trade marks, reported on girls' schools for an Endowed Schools Commission, agitated against University Tests, and took evidence as commissioner in an enormous law case in Portugal. In 1870 he succeeded Sir Travers Twiss, the well-known publicist, as Regius Professor of Civil Law at Oxford. No previous occupant of the chair had thought fit to lecture at all. Mr. Bryce broke the silence of centuries. Ever since, he has held the post, living for the most part in London, but lecturing and examining at Oxford, and occasionally introducing foreign and colonial diplomatists or politicians of distinction to university society.

For Mr. Bryce's energy had long ago taken him abroad. He was an Alpine climber in those early and glorious days when there were no champagne bottles on the Matterhorn, no railway over the Wengern Alp, and no engineer had even dreamt of eviscerating the Jungfrau. He has visited Iceland and Honolulu, Transylvania and the Carpathians; he has studied the topography of Ulysses' island home; he has been in nearly every state in the American Union; he knows the society, professorial and political, of Germany and Italy; four or five years ago he travelled over India and went as far as its north-western frontier. In 1876, just after the Bulgarian atrocities, he visited not only Russia, but Armenia and the Caucasus. The mere journey was rather a bold venture just then; but the ascent of Ararat alone was a bolder venture still. Without a companion, up loose stones and crumbling rock, through thick mist, and part of the way with no guide for the return journey save the trail of his ice-axe in the snow, he reached the summit, and secured an experience probably unique in the annals of mountaineering. High above the snow-line he found a heavy plank four feet long. Perhaps it was a relic of the Ark. At any rate, he defies the world to prove that the piece he brought home is not gopher wood.

Mr. Bryce's natural sphere was in Parliament. In 1874 he had contested Wick; in 1880 he was returned for the (then undivided) Tower Hamlets. While not touching the democracy as some speakers do, he has done excellent service at various times in the matter of City Charities; in multifarious foreign and colonial questions; in championing the cause of the oppressed subjects of the Turk—especially the Armenians; in the protection of "the legal infant"; in the preservation of open spaces, commons, and footpaths; and in vindicating the claim of the public as against the sportsman to the mountain scenery of the Highlands. He took a leading part in securing international copyright; he has brought the wrongs of Ireland before English readers in his introduction to "Two Centuries of Irish History"; and he has been prominent in the discussion of all questions of educational or university reform. In 1885 he migrated, in the Parliamentary sense, to Aberdeen.

Meanwhile, his study of America and intercourse with distinguished Americans were preparing the way for the monumental work on the United States which ought to be a part of the elementary education of every politician. Never before had Congress been described by a trained Parliamentarian, nor State and Federal politics treated by one who was at once an historian, a statesman, and a lawyer. Nobody can fairly criticise the book, because nobody approaches Mr. Bryce in knowledge—not even in America. Of course, the ultimate goal of such a man is the Ministry—if the Ministry is fortunate enough to secure him. So, after being Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Mr. Gladstone's Government in 1886, Mr. Bryce has, in 1892, become Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. This Minister has notoriously very little work of his own to do. Mr. Bryce's previous career indicates clearly enough what his colleagues expect of him. With Behring Sea and Newfoundland difficulties pending, and Eastern Europe a storehouse of explosives, he cannot but be wanted in the Foreign Office. After his study of federalism in America, of Continental politics, of constitutional law, and of Irish history, he is the man of all others qualified to work out a measure of Home Rule for Ireland.

Mr. Bryce has written much for English and American periodicals, and has been a frequent contributor to the *Speaker*. In 1891 he was elected a corresponding member of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques of Paris. He married in that year the daughter of Thomas Ashton, Esq., a late High Sheriff of Lancashire.

THE MISSES DENE.



THE antagonism between nature and environment that has furnished novelist and poet with so much "copy" *in posse*, the experience of Miss Dorothy Dene and her sisters is a notable instance. Endowed with artistic gifts, and with a beauty which, while a triumph of nature, has been in itself a contribution to art, as admirers of Sir Frederick Leighton's pictures have found out for themselves, they were nurtured in a medium where at least one form of art—the histrionic—was regarded as an unholy thing; and nothing but the stirrings of an insuppressible instinct could have enabled Miss Dorothy Dene to overcome the obstacles that had to be surmounted before her ambition to appear in front of the footlights was at last realised. After a careful training under the late Mrs. Chippendale and Mrs. Dallas Glyn, with Miss Maude Millett and Miss Janet Achurch for fellow-students, she made her *début* in the provinces as Pauline in *Called Back*, and gave so powerful a rendering of the part of the mad heroine that a London engagement—in *Gringoire*—followed almost as a thing of course. Her success as Pauline was no mere happy accident. In the days of her pupilage she was smitten with a passion for "mad" parts, and went through a course of detailed study of the manifestations of insanity, as they are to be met with at "Bedlam" and elsewhere. If it cannot be pretended that this is a very lofty form of the mimic art, it was well enough for a beginning, and in due course it gave place to something at once higher in the artistic scale and better suited to Miss Dene's outward and inward graces. This new phase of her theatrical career was marked by her appearance at Prince's Hall, in 1886, as Cassandra—a class of part which must surely be her "final cause," if there is anything at all in that once current doctrine. The impression she made as the woeful prophetess was such that she was sought after by the managers of one after another of the principal metropolitan theatres. In the course of these engagements she created the part of Olga, in *A Secret Foe*, at the Opéra Comique, and finally became a leading member of Mr. Benson's Shaksperian company at the Globe. Following Miss Kate Rorke as Helena in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, she had no easy task,

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THE MISSES DENE.

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but she acquitted herself of it with credit and distinction, and gained the like golden opinions in every other part which she essayed in the course of those interesting revivals. Miss Dene can also point to achievements in private theatricals. She has taken a prominent part in Mrs. Labouchere's open-air performances at Pope's Villa, and impersonated the heroine in Mr. Herkomer's musical picture of rural life in the days of Chaucer, entitled *An Idyl*, and produced by him at the Art School at Bushey in 1889. As the wayward smith's daughter in this pretty piece, her singing was not beyond reproach, but it was at least as good as anyone else's, and her acting was universally admired. A familiar and popular figure in society, she has often on such occasions as these delighted a wide circle of friends with herself and her talents, and from the well-deserved popularity enjoyed by herself and her sisters many a good cause has reaped substantial benefit.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.



HE son of W. Müller, a German poet, Friedrich Max Müller might be taken as a typical Englishman, for he has qualities which commend his writings to the educated John Bull. He delights in pommeling an antagonist, but he is so courteous in controversy, and so earnest in conviction, that he carries the sympathies of his readers with him, even when their reason sides with his opponents. He is always, too, a little bit of a preacher, and ready to let his argument stray into a broad theology, a fact which endears him to those who are seeking a safe channel between the Scylla of Newman and the Charybdis of Huxley. "All really great men," he once wrote, "may be said to live three lives—there is one life which is seen and accepted by the world at large, a man's outward life; there is a second life which is seen by a man's most intimate friends, his household life; and there is a third life seen only by the man himself and by Him who searcheth the heart." From the publications of our author, his readers gather, with delight, the impression that, in all his three lives, he is a really great and honest man.

He was born at Dessau in 1822, and, in his youth, came face to face with some of the intellectual giants of the past. In the University of Leipzig, where he took his degree in 1843, he heard Lotze. At Berlin he attended the lectures of Bopp and Schelling. He discussed deep problems of Indian thought with Schopenhauer, and became at Paris the most promising pupil of the great Oriental scholar, Eugène Burnouf.

His first literary venture was made in 1844, when he published a German translation of the *Hitopadesa*, a collection of Sanskrit fables. A year or two later, encouraged by Burnouf, he began to collect materials for an edition of the *Rig-veda*, a task which brought him to England, introduced him to Bunsen, and led to his settlement at Oxford in 1848, where he met with speedy recognition. He was made Taylorian Professor of Modern European Languages in 1854, Fellow of All Souls' College in 1858, and Corpus Professor of Comparative Philology in 1868. Once established in Oxford, he began to receive honours also from abroad. At various times he



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PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

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has been appointed honorary member of some forty learned societies, often to his great satisfaction. He counts among the happiest days of his literary life those of his election, under circumstances of interest, to the Royal Sardinian Academy, the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, and his appointment as Knight of the Ordre pour le Mérite.

Such wide recognition is not only a testimony to the real merit of the Professor, but an indication that his labours have supplied a want. He has, in fact, been fortunate in the times upon which he has fallen. At most periods, a scholar appeals only to the few. Mr. Max Müller, when he devoted himself to the study of Indian antiquity, found a literature extending over many centuries, and full of interest for modern readers, yet entirely unknown. He stepped into the intellectual heritage unconsciously prepared by the conquerors of India, and enjoyed, in consequence, the rare fortune of interpreting the results of scholarship to a large and profoundly interested public.

Happy thus in his circumstances, he has been as happy in his domestic life. His acquaintance with Bunsen ripened into intimacy, based, as it was, alike on a common interest in scholarship, and on a broad and simple religious belief. Among his closest friends he soon ranked also Charles Kingsley and Dean Stanley, the latter of whom in December, 1873, afforded him an opportunity of giving a lecture "On Missions," at Westminster, which is memorable as the only address ever delivered by a layman in the Abbey. That his affection for his Fatherland remained unaffected by his English ties was proved during the war of 1870, when, after the French reverses, sympathy seemed to be turning, in his adopted country, towards the vanquished. He wrote a series of letters to the *Times* to prove that "it would be subversive of the cardinal principles of public right to allow an unprovoked war to be atoned for by a pecuniary fine," and to suggest that England should "step in and impress upon France that there is no dishonour in bravely taking a punishment after the guilt has been admitted," or in other words, that the English Cabinet should insist on the surrender of Alsace and Lorraine in addition to the payment of an indemnity.

With this one deviation into somewhat theoretical politics, the career of the Professor has been exclusively devoted to literature. Space forbids the enumeration of all the books which he has published, and which range from chatty biographical sketches to discussions on the most intricate problems

of human consciousness. In 1861 his "Lectures on the Science of Language" gave to the world the substance of his teaching; and the principal works which have further developed it are "Chips from a German Workshop," 1867-75, "Introduction to the Science of Religion," 1870, lectures "On the Origin and Growth of Religion," 1878, translation of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," 1881, "The Science of Thought," 1887, and three volumes of Gifford lectures, 1888-92. Not the least important part of his work, however, has been the editorship of the "Sacred Books of the East," which he undertook in 1875.

His teaching may be described as one long protest against Materialism in all its forms. From Kant he derived a firm belief in the independence and dignity of mind. Man, in his opinion, is marked apart from all other animals by a reason which is united to speech as closely as one side of a coin to the other. "Language," he says, "is our Rubicon, and no brute will dare to cross it," and language accordingly is the barrier which he places between himself and those who teach an evolution of the human intellect from that of brutes. That the intellect of man has had a long and subtle development he does not deny. Indeed, his object is to trace it in the growth of words. Unable for many years to go behind "roots," as the ultimate factors of speech, he has, of late, accepted the teaching of Noiré, who finds their origin in the cries uttered by men engaged in work together. As language became capable of higher achievements, it lent its service to religion. The words applied by men to their own actions were also applied to the actions of the forces of Nature, and thus by the "Fundamental Metaphor," arose the myths of the deities of sun and dawn, and fire and earth. Strange, however, as are the legends which have thus sprung up, he holds that they take their rise in a yearning common to us with the most primitive races of which we know. In the earliest Indian prayers we have traces of trust in the "All-Father," whose name we invoke in the Lord's Prayer, and whose worship the Professor has made it his aim to establish. His results may be open to criticism, but he has shown the place which Comparative Philology must ultimately take in all researches into human origin and development, and this alone is no small service. However much his readers may differ from the theology which springs with such apparent ease from the study of language, they can have but one feeling of esteem for the genial Professor who has brought the message of Aryan antiquity before the modern world.



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MR. JUSTIN McCARTHY.

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MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P.



WHEN Justin McCarthy turned his back on London for the first time more than forty years ago, all the sanguine hopes with which he had set out some months before from his native Cork shattered and blighted, he little imagined, probably, that he was destined to mount to the topmost rung of that ladder to literary and political success of which the very lowest had then proved inaccessible. Had he had some kind fairy with him in the third-class carriage that evening on the way to Holyhead to whisper a promise of the brighter days to come, how different would have seemed the long, dreary, saddening journey—some fairy that should have told how, one day, he would be famous as novelist, journalist, historian, and politician!

This visit to London took place in 1851. Four years previously, being then seventeen years old, and a reporter on the *Cork Examiner*, Justin McCarthy had enrolled himself as a "Young Ireland" recruit, and "dreamed," as a friend of his has expressed it, "of rifles and bayonet charges, and death in the midst of fierce fight for the cause of Ireland." Nothing came of the rebellion of '48—nothing except disappointment and discouragement. But the young Cork patriot did not long remain disheartened, and was soon plunged in new schemes of insurrection, destined to be equally vain. In 1852, shortly after his fruitless visit to London, an appointment in connection with a Royal Commission gave him his first opportunity of showing his powers. A member of the Commission was struck by his aptitude, and provided him with letters of introduction to London newspapers. To these he had applied without success when, hearing of the starting in Liverpool of the *Northern Daily Times*, he applied for employment as a reporter, and was accepted. Eight years later he left Liverpool and secured a position as parliamentary reporter in London on the *Morning Star*, and in 1865 he became editor-in-chief. In 1868 he severed his connection with the journal, and set out on a visit to America.

So far Mr. McCarthy had proved himself chiefly a journalist. Now began his career as a novelist, and for the next twenty years he produced

some entertaining work of fiction on an average every fifteen months. In most of them he drew largely on his own political experiences, and some, more especially "My Enemy's Daughter" and "A Fair Saxon," may be fairly classed as English equivalents of "Through One Administration." In "Donna Quixote" he forestalled Mr. Besant in the choice of East End philanthropy as a *motif*, and in "The Maid of Athens" he gave an admirable picture of social and political life in the Greek capital.

Throughout this novel-writing period he was engaged also in more serious occupations as parliamentary leader-writer to the *Daily News*, and in the preparation of his "History of Our Own Times," of which the first two volumes were published in 1878, and were received with a chorus of applause from critics of every shade of opinion. The popularity of this delightful work has indeed been so great that Mr. McCarthy has occasionally to pay such a penalty as that of seeing it sneeringly described as "an authority amongst Mudie's subscribers." As a matter of fact, the "History of Our Own Times" is a really valuable work, and in it Mr. McCarthy not merely displayed an admirable literary style, forcible, humorous, concise, yet eloquent, a happy gift of allusion and illustration, and great powers of vivid character painting—his picture of O'Connell could not have been improved on by Macaulay: he showed also the qualities even more essential to the historian, accuracy, fairness, and judgment. Almost the only reflection cast upon him on the score of partiality has come from a recent writer in the *National Observer*, who in the course of a "character-study," declared that a vein of hatred for all things English ran through the pages of the "History"!

We have yet to speak of Mr. McCarthy the Irish politician. "You have been wanting to step into my shoes all the time," were the wild words addressed to him by Mr. Parnell in the exciting scene which brought the proceedings in Committee Room No. 15 to a close. Never was there a more extraordinary accusation. Justin McCarthy, fidelity personified, engrossed in literary work, and delicate in health, was just the one prominent Irish member against whom it could be launched absolutely, ludicrously, without foundation or excuse. "Literature," Mr. McCarthy once told an interviewer, "is my choice: Politics are my necessity." Only for reasons absolutely unselfish and patriotic had he devoted to dreary debates the time that he might so much more pleasantly and more profitably have devoted to his literary work. And to him the task of obstructing,

the chief task of Mr. Parnell's party in its earlier years, was even more uncongenial than to his fellows—to some of them, indeed, it was a labour of love. It would be difficult to imagine a more invidious duty for a refined intellectual man, severely critical of himself, and notably considerate of the feelings of others, than that of uttering perfunctorily long-drawn commonplaces, haranguing half-empty benches against time, taking his part day by day in what Lord Randolph Churchill once described as the "dreary drip of dilatory declamation." Since 1885, however, things have changed, and Mr. McCarthy has never spoken except when he has had something he really wished to say. He cannot be called an orator, but he is a graceful and eloquent speaker, and some of his efforts, more especially his tribute to the memory of John Bright, at one time his intimate friend, have won high praise.

Now that Mr. McCarthy is the leader of the Irish Nationalists, he has to content himself with stray half-hours for the conclusion of his "History of the Four Georges," and for the writing of novels in collaboration with Mrs. Campbell Praed, his fellow-worker in "The Right Honourable" and "The Ladies' Gallery." However, Home Rule, he thinks, is not far off, and a time may be looked forward to when he may rest on his laurels; and if the playful aspiration of his friend and associate, Mr. T. P. O'Connor—that he might be "hanged for high treason, to show how calmly a quiet man might die for Ireland"—is destined to remain unfulfilled, at least no one will be found to question Justin McCarthy's title to be ranked amongst the most devoted as well as the most eminent of Irish patriots.

THE MAHARANI OF KUCH BEHAR.



It is our privilege this month to be able to include in our series the portrait of the lovely and graceful young Maharani of Kuch Behar. This Princess stands eminent among the women of our Eastern Empire as being the only one of her rank who has left her home and, crossing the Black Water, so greatly dreaded in the East from religious and other motives, has paid a visit to England. The visit took place during the Jubilee year, and the young Maharani seems to have derived from it the greatest possible interest and pleasure. She was accompanied by her husband and her children, and remained upwards of six months in this country. During that time she was presented to the Queen at Buckingham Palace, and had also an audience of her Majesty at Windsor. Throughout her stay among us the Maharani was treated with the greatest kindness and consideration by our sovereign, who frequently remarked that she could not sufficiently express her admiration of the courage and resolution which the Princess had displayed in breaking through the traditions of her race, and at once leaving the seclusion of the zenana and the sacred soil of her own country.

The Queen had a second reason for feeling a lively interest in her guest. Sunity Devi, the Maharani, is the daughter of Keshub Chunder Sen, one of the most loyal as well as one of the most advanced of her Majesty's subjects in the East. He was a reformer of a pronounced type, and as such had many enemies among his own people, although he had also a large and influential following among them. Of the religious reforms advocated by the father of the Maharani it is not necessary to speak here, while the mere enumeration of the social measures advocated by him must suffice. These were, principally, the Discouragement of Polygamy, the Education and Enfranchisement of Women, the Overthrow of Caste, and the Abolition of Child Marriage. He made a tour through England in 1870, and very great interest was displayed at the time in the lectures he gave.

As the child of one holding such opinions, it is not surprising that the Maharani should show a disposition to set aside the prejudices and traditions



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THE MAHARANI OF KUCH BEHAR.

of her race, and to avail herself of the opportunities which came in her way of cultivating the acquaintance of English ladies and officials both in her own home and during her visit to the West.

This she has done, and her beautiful residence at Kuch Behar, and her summer palaces at Simla and Darjiling, form a court at which the English assemble in great numbers. The Maharani is a very charming and successful hostess; she speaks and writes the English language with unusual correctness and fluency, and, with the adaptability for which the people of Bengal have always been famous, she has managed to follow so closely in manner and bearing the example of her guests, that were it not for the picturesque and graceful costume which she has wisely determined to retain, she might easily pass for a native of some country in the south of Europe. Added to this, her manner is kindly and engaging in a high degree, and this, with her conspicuous readiness to give pleasure to others and to show her appreciation of their wish to interest or entertain her, have secured for her the friendship and regard of most of those who have the privilege of her acquaintance.

Although by the wish of her husband and her father the Maharani has emancipated herself from many of the more irksome trammels of Indian life, her gentle and retiring nature still impels her to cling to much of its privacy and seclusion. Those who have enjoyed her intimacy have noticed, for instance, that though her magnificent reception-rooms are fitted up and furnished exactly as are those of a large English house, her own private apartments are much more simple, and existence within their walls is conducted on lines not unlike those of the zenanas of other great native princes.

The betrothal and marriage of the Princess Sunity Devi with the handsome and brilliant young Maharajah form a most romantic story. A great obstacle to it existed in the fact that she, though the daughter of a private gentleman, was of much higher caste than the sovereign prince who sought her hand; and though her father raised no objections on this account, others of her family strenuously opposed the projected union.

These hindrances were one by one set aside. The marriage of this accomplished prince and the lovely daughter of Keshub Chunder took place in 1878. The bridegroom then handed over his young wife to the care of her father, while he paid the visit to the West which state policy demanded of him, and on his return he triumphantly reclaimed her and placed her in his palace as his consort and Maharani of Kuch Behar.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.



HERE are, perhaps, few positions in the musical world which must be so truly gratifying in themselves as that of a successful conductor. For apart from all considerations of artistic triumphs—and these may fall just as much to the conductor as to the vocalist or instrumentalist—in addition to the pleasure derived from a thorough devotion to his art, the conductor—at least, the really popular conductor—has the satisfaction of knowing that he is held in esteem by all the members of his band or choir, that he is regarded with something approaching personal affection by a large number of enthusiastic, intelligent human beings. And it is just in proportion as the conductor possesses this personal magnetism, if it may be so called, that his success is assured: if this quality be wanting, be he never so learned, be he never so painstaking, he will never attain the highest results.

Sir Joseph Barnby is the happy possessor of this quality of magnetic attractiveness in a degree which has seldom been surpassed. He may not have the erudition of Dr. Mackenzie or Professor Stanford; he may lack the abundant vivacity and energy of Mr. Manns; he may be surpassed in versatility by Mr. Henschel, but to none of these does he yield in his ability to play upon those greatest of instruments—the orchestra and the chorus: everyone under his *bâton* seems to yield up his individuality, and the great mass of performers seems to be animated by one mind and one purpose. Excepting Herr Richter there are probably few who can rival Sir Joseph Barnby in the command which he has over the forces under his control.

He was born in 1838 in Yorkshire, the home of music in England, and his early efforts were directed towards the study of Church music. In this branch of his art he was eminently successful, and he has composed many very beautiful anthems and hymns. He was organist at the church of St. Andrew, Well Street, from 1863 to 1871, when he migrated to St. Anne's, Soho; here he remained for fifteen years, resigning his position in 1886. He was musical adviser to



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SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.

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Messrs. Novello and Co., and it was at their concerts, started in 1865, that he made his *début* as a conductor. In 1875 he accepted the post of Precentor at Eton College, and in 1872 succeeded Gounod as conductor of the Royal Choral Society, which now holds a foremost position in the musical world. It is acknowledged that the Choral Society possesses the finest choir in England, and this is due in no small measure to its present gifted conductor.

The performances given by him at the Albert Hall have been very numerous, and all of them most successful; the quartette of vocalists, now almost inseparably associated with the Albert Hall performances—Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley; the choir of 1,000 performers; the no less indefatigable orchestra; above all, the conductor—all serve to make up an *ensemble* which cannot be met with anywhere else. Perhaps one of the greatest of his many great triumphs was the performance of Dvořák's *Requiem* in 1892; a work of extraordinary difficulty, but no less extraordinary beauty, it was given with a precision and a delicacy which told of long and untiring industry on the part of conductor and performers. The performance of the duet "The Lord is a Man of War," from *Israel in Egypt*, by the whole body of tenors and basses of the chorus may be criticised from the point of view of true art, but regarded as an effect, its success was undoubted.

In 1892, on the death of Mr. Weist-Hill, Mr. Barnby was chosen as the Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, and the acceptance of this post rendered the retirement from his office of Precentor at Eton necessary. As director of the Guildhall School of Music Sir Joseph will find a wider sphere for the exercise of his abilities—for the post of principal of a large and thriving school of music is by no means a sinecure; he will still, however, find time to continue his Choral Society work.

His compositions have been numerous and successful, and his part-song, "Sweet and Low," is perhaps as well known and as frequently performed by amateurs as any part-song in existence, with the possible exception of Sullivan's "O Hush thee, my Babie." But in addition to innumerable part-songs, glees, hymns, anthems, services, &c., he has produced a motet entitled, "King all Glorious," which was successfully performed at the Leeds Festival in 1868; an oratorio, *Rebekah*, produced in 1870; and a setting of the 97th Psalm as a cantata, brought out in 1883.

Whenever, on any State occasion, there is need of any music, it is Sir Joseph Barnby who takes charge of the arrangements, and as Conductor Laureate, as he might almost be termed, he has officiated at the opening of the Fisheries and

Colonial Exhibitions, at the ceremony of the founding of the Imperial Institute, and at many other State functions.

In 1892 he received the well-deserved honour of knighthood, and joined the little band of musical knights which already numbered in its ranks Sir Charles Hallé and Sir Arthur Sullivan; Sir W. Cusins was awarded a like honour at the same time. Perhaps the most significant tribute to Sir Joseph's popularity was the fact that no single voice was raised throughout the country in protest against the bestowal of the honour upon that great conductor; everywhere was it received with acclamation; and, indeed, regarded almost as a matter of course. To be beyond the reach of controversy or criticism nowadays is indeed to have achieved extraordinary success.





W. & D. DOWNEY.

PROFESSOR AYRTON

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PROFESSOR W. E. AYRTON.



It does not often happen that the double honour of being president of two scientific societies simultaneously, falls to the lot of even scientists of the first water. The reasons for this rarity are not far to seek ; before presidency is reached the scientist is generally required to have served for some years on the committee of the learned body, to have acted as vice-president for some sessions, and at the end of this somewhat

indefinite period he must still have the available time and energy to accept this highest post for which his colleagues may have elected him. Learned societies abound, and scientists resident in London at any rate are placed with an *embarras de richesse* which frequently induces an unavoidable distribution of their attentions over a wide circle of societies and subjects. The Physical Society bears a well-earned reputation for the distinguished roll of scientists among its members, and for the splendid range of subjects in the domain of physical science which are ever being discussed at its meetings. The Institute of Electrical Engineers is a younger society of very rapid development, which has already acquired a world-wide reputation for the active part that it has taken in the advancement of electrical engineering. While composed chiefly of practical men, it is not too practical ; although exclusively engineering subjects are being continually presented before the society meetings, just regard is paid to the importance of theory in this most technical realm of electricity.

Thus it may undoubtedly be inferred that a man capable of presiding over the Physical Society possesses a far-reaching theoretical knowledge of all branches of Natural Philosophy. To be at the same time President of the Institute of Electrical Engineers is proof of his possession of an extensive practical knowledge of physics, rendered the more useful by the counterbalance of theory, and far more available on that account for the development of science, and for the useful application thereof.

The above characteristics are possessed by Professor Ayrton to a remarkable degree. His training has been for the most part highly practical, and has extended over all the branches of electrical and many branches of mechanical engineering. He was a scientist from his boyhood, and though not exhibiting

Mlle ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN.



ADEMOISELLE ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN, like that other charming songstress, Madame Albani, who has preceded her by a dozen years in public popularity and royal favour, derives her blood and her name from a French-Canadian stock. She was born, however, in New York, where her family had been settled for many years, and it is to her mother, a lady of no slight musical talent, that she owes almost the whole of her general education and professional training. As a mere child she showed promise of remarkable vocal powers, and of decided dramatic ability. Early in the eighties she made her appearance with considerable success in the concert-room, and it seemed to her mother and her relatives that a career was clearly marked out for her in that limited sphere. Mademoiselle de Lussan herself had different views. She felt a strong impulse towards the stage, and was conscious of histrionic capacities hitherto latent and undeveloped. A mere chance conversation in the drawing-room of a New York critic, towards the middle of 1884, proved the turning-point of her whole life. The young artiste complained that the platform did not afford scope for what she knew to be the true bent of her genius. Someone suggested that she should give comic opera a trial. There was considerable opposition to this idea in the domestic circle, but this was ultimately overcome by force of argument and strength of will, with the result that Mlle de Lussan made her *début* before the end of the year under the auspices of the Boston Ideal Opera Company. A voice of moderate compass indeed, and rather light calibre, but delightfully clear, fresh, and distinct; a method free, almost too free, from all artificiality; an articulation that renders every word audible, a pretty and sympathetic face, a graceful, though somewhat diminutive figure, and a capacity for entering fully into the spirit of every *rôle* assigned to her—these are qualities that can hardly fail to achieve success on the operatic stage, for they are, unfortunately, as rare as they are attractive. Mlle de Lussan derived no little benefit from the varied experience of her three or four years in the States, nor was it long before she came under the notice of European



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impresarii. It must, nevertheless, be regarded as a stroke of ill luck that her first introduction to England took place in the course of Mr. J. M. Mapleson's last disastrous campaign at Her Majesty's Theatre, during the season of 1889. She then appeared as the heroine in Gounod's *Faust* and in Bizet's *Carmen*, and though the latter part had been long associated with the exceptional abilities of Mlle Minnie Hauk, the new singer produced a marked impression. So short, however, was the interval before a financial crash overwhelmed the enterprise in ruin, that Mlle de Lussan had no chance of securing a firm grip upon the musical world of London. Comparatively friendless, and unversed in those arts by which merit is often aided in building up a reputation, the disappointed *prima donna* found it desirable to accept an engagement with the Carl Rosa Company for provincial work. Here her services have proved invaluable and have met with high appreciation, though her ambition, justly enough, aims at higher things. It will readily be understood that the Carl Rosa management is in no way desirous of losing so useful and accomplished a member of the corps. Still, since she cast in her lot with what may fairly be called "the Great Musical Missionary Society" of the provinces, more than one opportunity has been afforded to Mlle de Lussan of renewing her acquaintance with the metropolitan stage. In 1890 the alliance between Carl Rosa's successors and Sir Augustus Harris permitted her to present herself once again as *Carmen* at Drury Lane, to give her interpretation of the part of Juliet in Gounod's masterpiece, and to essay an untried rôle in Mr. F. Cowen's *Thorgrim*. Perhaps the nearest approach to that crowning glory of her profession was attained in October, 1892, when she came on the stage of Covent Garden as Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*. The next month was destined to bring to the gifted young artiste a still more striking accession of fame. The Queen, taking advantage of the presence of the Carl Rosa Company in Scotland, commanded a private representation at Balmoral, and selected *The Daughter of the Regiment* as the piece to be rendered. On the return of the Court to Windsor Sir Augustus Harris received instructions to arrange for a performance of *Carmen* at the Castle, and to specially retain Mlle de Lussan for the title part. The Waterloo Chamber was converted into a miniature opera house, and seldom has a *diva* made her bow before a more brilliant and illustrious audience. When the curtain fell, Mlle de Lussan, had the honour of being presented to Her Majesty, and receiving, together with gracious compliments, a handsome diamond brooch, as a memento of the occasion.

THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD.



THE Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould is one of the most prolific writers of the age. He has played many parts in literature, and played them well. Many authors are versatile, but they are mere Jacks-of-all-trades; they are smatterers, and do not go to the roots of things. Without saying that all Mr. Baring-Gould's work is as thorough as it might be, we can at any rate affirm that, considering its vast extent, it is extremely conscientious, sometimes dramatic, and invariably interesting. The British Museum Catalogue testifies to the fact that some seventy-five or eighty volumes are associated with the name of this entertaining writer. If every man and woman who took up the pen were to produce at this rate, the result would be so appalling that emigration would be the only remedy for the average Englishman desirous of escaping the literary inundation. But there are "writers and writers," and fortunately Mr. Baring-Gould is of the higher class.

He was born at Exeter in 1834, so that he is not yet sixty years of age. He was the eldest son of Mr. Edward Baring-Gould, of Lew Trenchard, Devon. The family is one of the oldest in the county, and has been seated in its present location for nearly three hundred years. The future novelist, essayist, and preacher was educated at Clare College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of M.A. in 1856. For some time he resided much in Germany and France; and it was probably during his sojourn abroad that he acquired the taste for investigating weird legends and superstitions, which is one of his leading mental characteristics. He may be described as a past master in ghost lore, fairy lore, and saint lore. Some time after his return to England (1869), Mr. Baring-Gould was presented by the Viscountess Downe to the incumbency of Dalton, Thirsk, and two years later he received from the Crown the rectorship of East Mersea, Colchester. This living he held for ten years, and then, in 1881, he was appointed rector of Lew Trenchard, his native place. Several years before, he had succeeded to the family property there, on the death of his father. He was made a Justice of the Peace for the county of Devon. From 1871 to 1873 he acted as editor of the *Sacristy*, a quarterly review of ecclesiastical art and literature.



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THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD.

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Mr. Baring-Gould began his literary career in 1854, with a work entitled "The Paths of the Just." It met with the lot of the unjust, however, and fell rather flat. A better essay followed in 1862, when he issued his "Iceland: its Scenes and Sagas," being the result of travels through Iceland in the previous year. Perhaps the author's best books, or those rather in which his wide knowledge of recondite mediæval lore is most manifest, are the following:—"The Book of Were Wolves," 1865; "Post-Mediæval Preachers," 1865; "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," 1866-67; "The Silver Store," 1868; "Curiosities of Olden Times," 1869; and "Legends of Old Testament Characters," 1871. For works having a distinct theological bearing Mr. Baring-Gould has also acquired a wide reputation. In 1869-70 he issued "The Origin and Development of Religious Belief," an intellectual nut rather hard to crack for the average reader, but undoubtedly learned. Then from 1872 to 1877 he threw out his "Lives of the Saints"—only a modest output of fifteen volumes! Next came "Some Modern Difficulties," 1874; and "The Lost and Hostile Gospels," 1874; followed by various volumes of useful, practical, and stirring sermons, of which may be cited "Village Sermons for a Year," 1875; "The Preacher's Pocket," 1880; "The Seven Last Words," 1884; and "The Trials of Jesus," 1886. During the same period he wrote several historical and descriptive volumes on Germany, the best known being "Germany, Past and Present," 1879. That quaint and original Cornish clergyman, Robert S. Hawker, furnished him with the subject of a very interesting biography, "The Vicar of Morwenstow," published in 1876.

It is as a novelist, however, that Mr. Baring-Gould has of late years become most widely known, and it is in this capacity he has eclipsed his early fame. His first venture, an historical story, "In Exitu Israel," published in 1870, did not take the public taste; but ten years later he made a decided mark with "Mehalah." This novel first appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, where it was eagerly read. On its publication in three volumes the critics were unanimous in its praise, but for a long time its authorship remained anonymous. It is a story of the Salt Marshes, and it has in it much of the rugged fierce power and grandeur perceptible in Emily Brontë's masterpiece, "Wuthering Heights." Its inspiration, nevertheless, is all Mr. Baring-Gould's own, and its hero is one of the most terrible and repulsive characters in fiction. The story is admirable in style, but painful in its burden. To this novel succeeded at intervals "John Herring," "Court Royal," "The Gaverocks," "Richard Cable," "Urith," "Margery of Quether," "In the Roar of the Sea."

They are all novels of much more than the average merit, and the last-named is not unworthy of being placed side by side with "Mehalah."

Of works by Mr. Baring-Gould not already cited may be mentioned "Yorkshire Oddities," in two volumes; "The Golden Gate," "The Mystery of Suffering," "Our Parish Church," "Our Inheritance," "Historic Oddities," "Old Country Life," and several volumes dealing with the Birth and Passion of Christ. In 1892 this indefatigable author published two works, one of them of considerable magnitude. It is entitled "The Tragedy of the Cæsars," and it deals in a novel and attractive fashion with the characters of the Cæsars of the Julian and Claudian Houses. The old view of Nero is adopted, but there is a new reading of the character of Tiberius. The second work is an illustrated one on "Survivals and Superstitions." Among the subjects handled are Foundations, Gables, Holes, Gallows, Raising the Hat, Old Ballads, etc. His collection of the "Songs of the West," which have been charmingly harmonised by the Rev. H. F. Sheppard and F. W. Bussell, form a perfect storehouse of quaint and delightful music. Mr. Baring-Gould added a scholarly and interesting introduction to the collected volume published. It is evident that as yet there is no decline in his productive powers as a writer.



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THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.



MANDELL CREIGHTON was born at Carlisle, July 5th, 1843, educated first at the Grammar School there, then at Durham Cathedral School, under Dr. Holden, who is now one of his clergy. After a creditable career at Merton College, Oxford, he took a first class in Classics in June, 1864. Not satisfied with this, he went for a degree in Law and History, but before taking it was elected Fellow of his college. He speaks with much gratitude of his tutor at Merton, Edward Caird, whom he succeeded, in fact, when the latter was elected Professor at Glasgow. He was surrounded by many companions who have won themselves a good name—Copleston, G. Saintsbury, Andrew Lang, among them. The present Bishop of Oxford was elected Regius Professor of Modern History in 1866, and with him began the scientific pursuit of history, as he impressed his views upon the younger men. They worked out among themselves a connected scheme of study, covering the whole field, and were the pioneers of the "Intercollegiate" Lectures which now prevail at both universities. It was the requirements of this scheme which threw Creighton upon the Ecclesiastical, and especially the Papal history, of which everyone else fought shy, and he spent his long vacations in foreign, especially Italian travel, always with a keen eye to the subject now become dear to him.

In 1871 he married Miss von Glehn, the daughter of a London merchant, and under the new state of things retained his fellowship until 1874, when he took the college living of Embleton, in Northumberland. It was a very great sacrifice of income and of influence, for he was now senior tutor, and had a large number of pupils among the honour men. But he felt that the great historical work on which he was now bent could not be accomplished along with that of a busy tutorship. He saw that the period of Papal History between the Great Schism and the Reformation had never been adequately dealt with. In England, Gibbon had skipped it, and Milman was tired out before reaching it, while Germany had produced no connected work on it. And thus his "History of the Papacy" was begun. Not only so, but he found

time to write some of the valuable Historical Manuals published by Longmans' under the title of "Epochs of History," and he projected and edited the *English Historical Review*. "Crockford's Clerical Directory," in fact, gives a long list of his smaller historical works, which, it is needless to say, are not mere compilations, but hold their own as standard works, the productions of a deeply-read scholar. But he was no recluse in his remote country parish. Part of the day was spent in his study, but he was so active among his 1,700 parishioners that he won their confidence and that of Bishop Lightfoot. In fact, the diocesan work which fell upon him, especially the great labour which he bestowed on the formation of the new see of Newcastle, again caused his book to drag, and for this reason he accepted the newly constituted Dixie Professorship of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge, and separated from his flock with a sorrow which was deep on both sides. He had hardly got settled in Cambridge before he was appointed to a canonry at Worcester, which he was five years after asked to exchange for one at Windsor. And almost immediately upon that he was nominated to the see of Peterborough. He was consecrated in Westminster Abbey on St. Mark's Day, 1891. He holds many honorary degrees. Glasgow made him an LL.D. in 1883, and was followed by Harvard in 1886, and Durham conferred the degree of D.C.L. in 1885. He took his D.D. on becoming a bishop.

He has already shown that his great historical work has not unfitted him for practical duty. His see is admirably administered, and he is greatly beloved by his clergy. He has been so little known except to the readers of his books, that he took people by surprise at the Church Congress at Folkestone in 1892. He preached one of the three opening sermons, his central idea being the uniformity of the prophetic message of the Old Testament concerning God, and the endless variety of the application of it to the differing circumstances of mankind, an idea which he worked out with great power. A striking proof of the effect of it was seen when, at the first meeting in the Congress Hall, the prominent leaders of the Church stepped upon the platform, some in groups, some singly. The Bishop of Peterborough received an ovation from the crowd more enthusiastic than that accorded to anyone else. And the good opinion which he won was enhanced first by his happy address delivered at the Women's Meeting, but yet more by that at the Working Men's Meeting. It was racy, but full of deep feeling, and the enthusiasm all through was at fever-heat.

The Bishop's great book is still unfinished. It begins with the Papal

Schism, which began in 1378, immediately after the return of the Popes from Avignon to Rome. This, and the startling results which immediately flowed from it, form the subject of the first two volumes. They were published in 1882, and four years later appeared in a new form, bringing the history down to the fifth year of Pope Leo X. Their main subject is indicated by the title which the author has given them, "The Italian Princes." He tells of the intrigues of the many petty tyrants who carved dominions for themselves out of the free commonwealths of Italy. The conspicuous feature of the whole work is its fairness. Dr. Creighton has not set to work with a foregone conclusion, but laboriously and accurately to set forth facts. He belongs to the same class of writers as Hallam, so strictly impartial as to give an impression of coldness. Staunch Churchman though he is, it is said that Cardinal Manning wrote to thank him for what he has said about the Popes. It is something unusual, too, to find a Protestant historian showing that there was a good side to the Borgia Pope, Alexander VI. It has often been remarked that partisan historians—say, for example, Macaulay—are the most readable. Bishop Creighton has been declared by partisans to be sometimes dry. But it is his honesty of purpose which gives the Bishop's book inestimable value, and it is most earnestly to be hoped that his episcopal duties will not prevent him from finishing it. He has arrived at the very eve of Luther's appearance in the mighty drama of the sixteenth century, and the world can ill afford to lose the history of that all-important period by the hand of such a master.



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AND HER CHILDREN.



WHEN His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught went to Berlin in 1878, in company with the Prince of Wales, to represent the Queen at the double marriage of two of the Prussian princesses, he was much impressed by the charm of manner and attractive conversational powers, as well as the evident force of character of the sister of one of the brides, the Princess Louise Margaret, daughter of the historic Red Prince, Frederick Charles. Before his return home, this princely wooer had presented the young girl with a bouquet in a manner that left no doubt as to what were his own wishes, though the formal betrothal did not take place for some weeks, while the marriage ceremony was not performed for more than a year after the first meeting.

Never was there so devoted a lover as the young Prince during those twelve intervening months. Shortly after the betrothal he returned to Berlin, where he was the guest of the Prince and Princess Frederick Charles, and here he had the fullest opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with his beautiful *fiancée*, whom he was allowed to escort to the different art galleries and places of interest about her home. Princess Louise Margaret also made no secret of her satisfaction in the thought that she was to spend her future life in England, and as the consort of a royal duke who was brother to the Crown Princess, to whom from her earliest childhood she had been greatly attached. Her mother used laughingly to say that her little girl was more happy in the residence of the Crown Princess and with the Princess Charlotte, who was of the same age, than even under her own roof, and she spent much of her time there until the marriage of her companion, which was to be so shortly followed by her own. The Princess was at this time eighteen years of age, ten years younger than the Duke of Connaught, who was born on the 1st of May. This, as is well known, was the eighty-first birthday of the Duke of Wellington, and the Queen and the Prince Consort graciously bestowed on their subject a distinguished mark of their affectionate esteem by appointing him sponsor



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THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AND FAMILY.

to the royal infant, to whom they gave his name. To return to the wooing, nothing would satisfy the Duke as the day of his return approached but that a promise should be made that the Prince Frederick Charles should bring his daughter to England, he himself proposing to stay on to escort them thither. It was finally arranged that they should visit the Queen at Windsor. Here they remained till July, when the Duke accompanied them to Ostend on their return journey. In August he found another plea for visiting Berlin in the marriage of the sister of his betrothed, the Princess Marie, to Prince Henry of the Netherlands, and he had the privilege of leading his *fiancée* in the bridal procession. He made a long stay this time, and the strolls through the galleries began again, the remarks of the Princess Louise Margaret often affording great amusement to her companion, as she has a great taste for caricature, while it had always been one of her great amusements to make pencil drawings of her friends. The Duke obeyed a call to England at the end of September, but returned a few weeks later to assist at the festivities in honour of the recovery from illness of the Emperor William, and his crossing and re-crossing of the North Sea continued until the 10th of March, when the Princess landed at Queenborough and proceeded to Windsor Castle, where she was lodged in the Augusta Tower until the day of her marriage at St. George's Chapel. The royal pair at first took up their residence at Buckingham Palace, but it was at Bagshot, the beautiful home which had been prepared for them, that they spent the greater part of the next seven years, and there that their eldest child, the Princess Margaret Victoria, was born.

In 1886 the Duke, who is devoted to his profession, was appointed Commander of the Forces in Bombay, thus giving the Duchess new experiences of life in the far East—experiences, too, which were exceptionally interesting to her, as she is her father's true daughter and a thorough soldier. She was very popular in India, and the regret was universal when she and her husband returned to Europe. There has been a question since of the Duke accepting the post of Commander-in-Chief in India, a post for which his powers and the close application to the study of military affairs which has always been among his leading attributes have alike fitted him. Various reasons have interfered to prevent this, among others is the reluctance of Her Majesty to part again with her son and the Duchess, to whom she is warmly attached.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.



R. GEORGE ALEXANDER is not only one of the most finished and graceful actors of the day, but he is also one of the most popular of actor-managers. He is a favourite among his own brethren, while among theatre-goers it is sufficient that Mr. Alexander's name appears on the play-bill to compel them to see the particular play in which he is acting. At any rate, they are certain in his case of a very carefully studied and intellectual piece of acting; and, even if the play be a weak one, it is an artistic treat to see Mr. Alexander behind the foot-lights. His ease of manner, his refined voice, his delicate features—all help to stamp him as perhaps the best representative of the English gentleman the stage possesses.

Mr. Alexander was born in 1858, and, for so comparatively young a man, his success has been quite exceptional. He served his apprenticeship to the art he loves, as an amateur actor, and as a member of one or two provincial companies, beginning his career at the Theatre Royal, Nottingham, in 1879. It has often been said of Mr. Irving by his enemies that he is never over-anxious to secure for the Lyceum the services of the best men and women in the profession. This accusation is almost too ridiculous to need refutation, but, even if there were a grain of truth in the statement, the fact remains that to Mr. Irving's insight and judgment London is indebted for many of the actors and actresses who to-day occupy a front place in the ranks of their profession. Mr. Irving recognised the ability of young Mr. Alexander, and gave him his first engagement in London. The part selected for him was Caleb Deecie in *The Two Roses*, and later on he played, at the same theatre, Paris in *Romeo and Juliet*.

In 1882 he joined Mr. Clayton's company, and made a distinct hit as Claude Glynne in *The Parvenu*. He accompanied in the same year Miss Wallis on a provincial tour, playing Maurice de Saxe, Orlando, Benedick, Romeo, and Leonatus Posthumous in *Cymbeline*. Later on he appeared at the Adelphi, the Imperial, and the St. James's Theatres in a great variety of characters, including Sir Gilbert Vincent in *Bondage*, Armand Duval to



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MR. ALEXANDER.

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Miss Lingard's Camille, Victor de Riel in *Impulse*, and Octave in *The Iron-master*. He was selected by Mr. Gilbert to support Miss Mary Anderson in the part of D'Aulnay in *Comedy and Tragedy*.

In 1884 he accompanied Mr. Irving on his second American tour, taking the characters which on the first tour were entrusted to Mr. Terriss. In America, and for some time after his return to England, all his triumphs were associated with Mr. Irving. When in Boston, Mr. Irving was ill, and Mr. Alexander's reputation was considerably increased by his successful impersonation of Benedick in *Much Ado About Nothing*. Of his many appearances at the Lyceum, old theatre-goers have perhaps the liveliest recollections of him as Bassanio in *The Merchant of Venice*, Adrien de Mauprat in *Richelieu*, Laertes in *Hamlet*, and in the title-rôle of *Faust*. His Macduff in *Macbeth* was so finished a performance that it requires quite separate and special mention. There being no suitable part for him in *The Dead Heart*, he joined in 1889 the Adelphi Company.

In February, 1890, he began his career as an actor-manager by assuming the management of the Avenue Theatre. He opened with the play of *Dr. Bill*, which had a run of seven months, and this was followed by *The Struggle for Life*, and in both plays he increased his double reputation as actor and manager.

Sunlight and Shadow was his next venture, and before the popularity of this piece was exhausted he transferred it to the St. James's, of which house he became sole lessee and manager in January, 1891. It is at this theatre where all his latest successes have been achieved. He worthily maintains the reputation which the St. James's acquired under the joint control of Messrs. Hare and Kendal for the production of high-class comedies. All modern theatrical managers vie with each other in the sumptuousness with which they produce their plays, and Mr. Alexander in this respect takes a great deal of beating. He produced the very curious and strangely fascinating play, *The Idler*, in February, 1891, taking himself a part very different in character from those which he usually impersonates. *The Idler* was followed by *Molière*, a one-act tragedy, and *Lord Auerley*. But the success of these plays was small beside what he achieved in his next venture—Mr. Oscar Wilde's new play, *Lady Windermere's Fan*. This was the one notable event in a very uneventful dramatic season. The critics at the outset were distinctly unfriendly to the play, and indeed for a few days its fate hung in the balance. But the public, regardless of the critics, by their action endorsed Mr. Wilde's

criticism of his own play in his speech on the opening night—"of which I am sure, ladies and gentlemen, you estimate the merits almost as highly as I do myself." Perhaps it would not be an exaggeration to say that people did not care very much about the unpleasant story of Lady Windermere's Fan, or about the fate of any one of the characters. They went to the St. James's, firstly to hear Mr. Oscar Wilde talking paradoxes through his characters, and secondly to see Mr. Alexander. Of his share in the play it is enough to say that he took a rather thankless part, and played it excellently. The play had a long run, and not until the close of the year 1892 was it found necessary to attempt a fresh venture in the shape of Mr. R. C. Carton's play, *Liberty Hall*. Many persons were shocked at the unconventionality of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, while the "tea-cup realism" of some of the scenes irritated old-fashioned play-goers. In *Liberty Hall* Mr. Alexander made ample amends to these aggrieved patrons of the drama. It is a play constructed on old-fashioned lines; the sentiment is that of Dickens, and the parties concerned "live happy for ever afterwards." Mr. Alexander himself walks gracefully through the four acts like a hero in an Adelphi melodrama, but there is little scope for his special powers. Indeed, such a part is rather calculated to accentuate a certain mannerism into which he would appear to be sometimes in danger of falling.

The sumptuousness with which the plays at the St. James's are produced has already been noticed. Mr. Alexander himself is always faultlessly dressed, and the costumes of the lady members of his company help to make every play which he produces a thing of beauty.

For the benefit of those who care to know something of a popular man's life outside his profession, it is enough to say that he is married, that he is passionately fond of outdoor exercise, and can give a good account of himself as a fencer.



W & D. DOWNEY

DR. HUBERT PARRY

57 & 61, Ebury Street, London

DR. HUBERT PARRY.



R. HUBERT PARRY was born at Highnam Court, near Gloucester, on February 27th, 1848. Like all great composers he gave early display of his capacity for music, and we hear of him at eight years old astonishing the Highnam organist by his intuitive mastery over the most complex of instruments. In due course he went to Eton, where he was a distinguished football player. While

at school he wrote the well-known Service in D, and passed his examinations for the degree of Mus. Bac. His exercise, a cantata entitled "O Lord, thou hast cast us out," was, after the custom of that time, performed in the Music School at Oxford, and still remains a welcome exception to the usual dulness of academic writing. In 1867 Dr. Parry entered at Exeter College, Oxford, and proceeded to develop, in the freer atmosphere of the university, the artistic gifts of which he had already indicated the possession. To these early years belong some of his best songs—notably the three Anacreontic Odes and the Shakespeare Lyrics, which already foreshadow the strong healthy sentiment and broad melody of his later works. In 1867 he received a few lessons in harmony from Dr. Elvey, and in 1870, after taking his B.A. degree, he proceeded to Stuttgart, where he studied for some time under H. H. Pierson. His musical education, so far as external influences are concerned, was completed on his return to London, where he found occasion to profit by the sound learning of Sir George Macfarren and the keen taste and wide sympathies of Mr. Dannreuther.

The first result of this systematic study appeared in the form of chamber music. During the next few years were written the two piano sonatas (B $\flat$ and D minor), the great duet for two pianos, the piano trio in E minor, the piano quartett in A $\flat$, and several other compositions of equal scope and importance. But Dr. Parry had not yet felt his full strength. Fine as these works are, there is yet in them something tentative and uncertain, something of a trial flight that is not yet sure of its direction. Perhaps the hardest criticism which can be urged against them is that the thought is sometimes too great for its medium; that they require a wider

sweep of the brush and a larger canvas. The orchestra, and still more the chorus, are the materials in which Dr. Parry's genius has found its fullest expression; and all this time, in addition to the published compositions, he was working indefatigably to acquire that mastery over mass and "value" which his present work so indisputably displays. Before long the attractions of the orchestra began to make themselves felt. In March, 1879, the overture "Guillem de Cabestanh" was given at the Crystal Palace, in 1880 followed the piano concerto in F# major, and at the Gloucester Festival of the latter year Dr. Parry offered to his critics a true Meisterlied, in his superb setting of the scenes from Shelley's "Prometheus."

After 1880 came a short period of rest, during which the only work of importance was the symphony in G major produced in the autumn of 1882 at the Birmingham Festival. 1883, however, was an eventful year, not only for the honorary degree which Dr. Parry received from the University of Cambridge, but for the appearance of three great works, the Symphony in F, the Incidental Music to the "Birds" of Aristophanes, and the Ode from Shirley's "Contention of Ajax and Ulysses." Meantime other honours and duties were beginning to gather. On the establishment of the Royal College of Music Dr. Parry was appointed to the chair of Composition and Musical History; on the death of Dr. Corfe he succeeded to the office of Choragus in the University of Oxford; and in 1884 his list of academic distinctions was further increased by his second Honorary Doctorate. It is probable that the teaching work required by his London professorship was at first too heavy to allow him much time for composition. At any rate there follows an interval of three years, in which no considerable addition was made to his existing record. But it was not a case of *tam bonus gladiator rudem tam cito*. Dr. Parry had no intention of exchanging the arena for the training-school, and his temporary retirement was only a breathing-space of preparation for the successes that awaited him on his return.

In 1886 the "English Symphony" was produced at Cambridge, and the "Suite Moderne" at Gloucester. Next year followed a revised edition of the Symphony in F, and a noble setting, for eight-part chorus, of Milton's stately lines "At a Solemn Music." In 1888 the oratorio *Judith* was given at the Birmingham Festival, and then came in rapid succession "St. Cecilia," the "De Profundis," "L'Allegro ed Il Penseroso," and the Symphony in E minor. 1892 saw three new achievements added to the list, the Incidental Music to the "Frogs," of Aristophanes, the Choral Ode from Tennyson's

"Lotus Eaters," and the oratorio *Job*; while the present year has already had time to welcome a new dramatic work, the Incidental Music to Mr. Stuart Ogilvie's "Hypatia." Nor are these the only gifts which Dr. Parry has offered us during the last decade. In addition to his greater and more famous works he has published three new volumes of songs, and has increased his chamber music by two sonatas, a piano trio in B minor, a string quintett in E♭, a partita for violin, and a masterly set of variations for pianoforte solo.

Like some other musicians of the present century, Dr. Parry is in close touch and sympathy with literature. His "Studies of the Great Composers," full of sound judgment and keen insight, are written in a clear and lucid English which conceals its art beneath its simplicity; his contributions to Sir George Grove's "Dictionary of Music" not only lay the foundations of a critical method, but supply much of its superstructure as well; the libretti of his two oratorios show something of a poet's sovereignty of thought and something of a poet's felicity of expression. It is the same unerring taste which has led him so often to drink his inspiration from the great wells of English poetry: from Shakespeare and Milton, from Scott and Shelley, from Sydney and Pope and Tennyson. In great art all the elements should be great; there should be no weakness to condone, no inequality to pass over, no balance of compensation to adjust. And herein lies part of the secret of Dr. Parry's strength: that he has not only written fine melody, but has put it to a noble use; that his artistic ideal may be summed up in the majestic invocation, to which he has added new life and new significance:—

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ,
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce.

There is no longer any question of his place in the history of musical art. All doubt vanishes before the final chorus in *Job*, or the Orpheus Music in "St. Cecilia," or the slow movement of the "English Symphony." And not only has he enriched our country with his present masterpieces, he has recovered the lost spirit of our national song, and rendered it once more possible that English music should have a message of its own to deliver. Our generation has learnt to revere him as a master: the generations of the future will look back to him as a pioneer,

MISS MARION TERRY.



O those who have known Miss Marion Terry only during Mr. Alexander's management of the St. James's Theatre it is a source of wonder, renewed with each new play, that the gifts of an actress so charming and so accomplished should have remained either undeveloped or unacknowledged for so long. Were they undeveloped or were they unacknowledged? The critics seem unable to tell us, or in telling us they disagree. Some protest with Mr. Davenport Adams that they had been singing her praises for years; some contend with Mr. Clement Scott that until "she let herself go" in *Sunlight and Shadow* her sweetness, grace, and womanliness could alone be praised. However that may be, the fact remains that little more than three years ago she was, comparatively speaking, unknown to fame, and that now she is taking her natural place in the very foremost rank of English actresses.

We owe it to Mr. Tom Taylor that Miss Marion Terry is an actress at all. Amongst her own lively family she had been looked upon as too quiet and demure for such a career; and, on the occasion when her younger sister, Florence, was chosen in preference to her to play the part of Little Nell, she shut herself up in her bedroom and cried her eyes out! Mr. Tom Taylor, however, was struck by her vivacity and cleverness on the occasions when she would call to play duets with his wife, and it was by his advice that, abandoning a previous idea of devoting her talents to music, she determined, like her sisters, to seek her fortune upon the stage. Her first rôles were curiously alternated: Ophelia (at Manchester) in 1873, at the age of sixteen; a part in *A Game of Romps*, in 1874; Hero, in the same year; and then Dorothy in Mr. Gilbert's *Dan'l Druce*. It would be vain to mention one by one the various characters assumed by Miss Marion Terry during the next fifteen years. Perhaps the most notable was that of Bathsheba Everdene, specially designed for her by Mr. Comyns Carr in his dramatisation of *Far from the Madding Crowd*, and a very delightful portrait she must have given of that winsome but wayward young woman; and as Belinda Treherne in *Engaged* she gave some proof of her powers as a comedian.



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MISS MARION TERRY.

Mention should be made also of her having acted with Mr. Tree at the Haymarket in *The Red Lamp* and other plays.

It was not until the production of *Sunlight and Shadow* at the St. James's Theatre, in November, 1890, that Miss Terry made her first real success, and "arrived." There was more of shadow than of sunlight in the play, turning as it did upon the hopeless love of a cripple, his moment of selfish weakness, and the final act of renunciation by which he reunites the girl he loves with the man but for whom she, he thinks, might learn to love him. The scene in which the heroine consents—hopeless of her own happiness and pitiful of his misery—to become the hunchback's wife, was one of the most harrowing that has been seen on the stage for years, and the acting in it both of Miss Terry and of Mr. Alexander was quite admirable. *The Idler*, which followed next, and then Mr. Comyns Carr's *Forgiveness*, brought fresh applause to Miss Terry; but in neither play had she any opportunity for suggesting a new side to her talents. This was now to be offered to her in Mr. Wilde's comedy, *Lady Windermere's Fan*. The part originally meant for her was that of Lady Windermere, but on hearing the play read she felt drawn to that of Mrs. Erlynne, which, though wholly unlike anything she had previously attempted, she and Mr. Alexander felt to be well within her powers. The reception of the play showed her that she was more than justified in her choice. There was hardly a dissentient voice in the chorus of praise in next day's papers, and it was generally felt that her performance promised great things for her future. The next production at the St. James's Theatre was a delightful Dickensian drama entitled *Liberty Hall*, but as the heroine Blanche—a not too heroic heroine, winning and sympathetic in spite of shortcomings—Miss Terry had no difficult part to play.

With a face which passes "the passing fair" in its attractiveness and charm of expression, a voice powerful and sweet, and a carriage instinct with grace, Miss Marion Terry has all the natural qualities that are required for the impersonation of the fascinating and romantic heroine of most of our modern English plays. But these qualities, in conjunction with the histrionic talents of which she gave proof in *Sunlight and Shadow* and *Lady Windermere's Fan* may be held to mark her out for better and more ambitious work. Her own aspirations at present are that she may be provided with an even better opportunity than as Mrs. Erlynne of achieving success in comedy—aspirations which it should be the endeavour of Mr. Wilde to satisfy if he be not an ingrate indeed.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.



R. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW is one of the most versatile actors on the stage of London life. Best known in his connection with the Fabian Society, as one of the leading Socialists of the day, he is also a familiar figure in artistic circles as music-critic for the *World*, for which journal he criticised pictures during four and a half years.

He has acted in various capacities for other papers, and has made use of his talents besides as novelist, political essayist, public speaker, and recently as playwright.

Mr. Shaw was born in 1856 in Dublin, and was brought up amidst the beautiful scenery of the northern corner of Killiney Bay. His father was an ex-Civil Servant who capitalised his pension and went into business, with but meagre pecuniary results. His mother was an amateur musician of no mean ability; and it is to her, and to the musical atmosphere of his home, that Mr. Shaw's aptitude as a music-critic may be traced.

He attended various day-schools; and while still a boy got a business training in a land-agent's office in Dublin. Here he had a peep from behind the scenes at the Irish Land Question; but the office-work was entirely distasteful to himself. At the age of twenty he finally broke loose and came over to London to try his fate. He had no definite prospects; but the temptation to escape from an occupation that was irksome, and to seek out one more congenial, was too strong to be overcome by any prudential considerations.

There is no royal road, however, either to usefulness or to fame; and Mr. Shaw found himself obliged to tread the weary path of privation, like many another before him. For several years he struggled persistently, writing articles that no newspaper would print, and novels that no publisher would publish, but, somehow or other, fighting his way imperceptibly into journalism, literature, and public life.

At some time during this period he chanced to read *Progress and Poverty*, by Henry George, and *Capital*, by Karl Marx—books that deeply impressed him with the importance of the industrial problem, and the methods



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by which a solution might be sought. He foregathered with others like-minded with himself, and in 1883 the Fabian Society, for the application of socialistic doctrines to practical politics, was founded. Mr. Shaw has been one of the leading Fabians ever since, and the history of the society may be comprised in his. It was in this arena that he cultivated his skill in debating and lecturing; and those who are acquainted with Mr. Shaw's cool and self-assured manner on the platform will find it difficult to believe that he had to undergo the usual probation of embarrassing nervousness. He now delivers on an average about eighty public addresses every year; but he is not a professional lecturer, and has never accepted payment for any of his political work. He wrote several of the Fabian tracts, and also edited and contributed to the now famous *Essays in Socialism*, which have had an astonishing circulation since their publication in 1889.

In 1887 appeared the *Star* newspaper, which soon after its commencement espoused the cause of Fabianism, and opened its columns to the pens of the Fabians. Mr. Shaw made ample use of his opportunities. Readers of the *Star* will be well acquainted with the column of lively and unconventional musical gossip and criticism, signed Corno di Bassetto, which ranked among Mr. Shaw's regular contributions.

Some of his rejected novels had by this time been published, and attracted considerable attention. *An Unsocial Socialist* and *Cashel Byron's Profession*, remarkable for the originality of their plots, and the determined attack of the author against his *bête noire*—middle-class conventional respectability—are also eminently lively and readable, like everything else Mr. Shaw has written, whether essays on socialism, musical critiques, or interviews with himself. The *Unsocial Socialist* is a gentleman of very fascinating personality, who, however, outrages all one's preconceived ideas as to the honourable conduct of a gentleman, lover, husband, and friend. And Mr. Cashel Byron, on whose behalf the sympathies of the reader are very cleverly engaged, follows the profession of a prize-fighter, and is rewarded with the hand of the heroine and her fortune of £40,000 a year.

As a dramatic critic Mr. Shaw has been chiefly concerned with the works of Ibsen, his admiration for whom he took care to manifest at a time when other critics were pouring opprobrium on that writer and his plays. In 1891 was published his *Quintessence of Ibsenism*, an explanation of Ibsen's plays, which at the same time enabled Mr. Bernard Shaw to emphasize his own views on his favourite subjects. The book takes up a very advanced

position on the "Woman Question," and is, in the opinion of its author, a book that every woman ought to read. Its witty and trenchant style has perhaps done more for Mr. Shaw's reputation as a writer than any of his other works.

Towards the close of 1892 Mr. Shaw submitted to the public a play entitled *Widowers' Houses*, which was brought out by Mr. Grein, at the Independent Theatre, on December 19th. This occasioned considerable comment and discussion in the newspapers at the time, the critics denying the artistic success of the play, whilst, at the same time, admitting its didactic interest. Mr. Shaw has, however, been true to his own ideas as to what a nineteenth century drama should be. He maintains that we have now grown beyond the day of the ordinary melodrama, where a plot is elaborately complicated during two acts in order to be neatly unravelled in the third. He believes that "blue-books" afford excellent dramatic material, and cites *Never Too Late to Mend* to prove that blue-book plays are always popular when properly handled.

Mr. Shaw's frank and uncompromising attitude towards the merely conventional is shown in small things as well as in great. While in religion openly avowing himself to be anything but orthodox, in diet he is a vegetarian, and in dress refuses to submit to what he considers the absurdities of modern costume, such as the "hard and shiny cylinders of black and white" worn on the head, neck, and wrists. Needless to say he does not wear a tall hat, and abjures collars and cuffs.

What gives unity to Mr. Shaw's work in all its branches (to none of which is he willing to give precedence over the others) is the underlying principle of fearlessly questioning established order and usage, whether in religion, politics, art, or every-day life. Add to this his unhesitating endeavour to act upon the conclusions so derived, and we see an attitude that must command at least the respect even of those who do not agree with his views.



W. & D. DOWNEY,

THE KING OF GREECE.

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THE KING OF GREECE.



GEORGE I., King of Greece, or rather—to give him his full title—King of the Hellenes, was born in 1845. As the second son of Christian IX., King of Denmark, he for a time during his youth served in the Danish navy. He was elected King of the Greeks in 1863, after an interregnum following upon the abdication of the then King Otho. The same year that saw him chosen for the Greek throne saw England welcome his sister Alexandra as the “sea-king’s daughter from over the sea,” when she came to the country as the bride of our own Prince of Wales—perhaps the most popular royal marriage of this century.

Not till comparatively recently has Greece presented itself to the majority of Englishmen in any other aspect than that of being one of the bristling points of the difficult Eastern question, or as the hot-bed of lawlessness and brigandage, and it is difficult for the present generation to realise the enthusiasm which the question of Greek freedom aroused in the minds of Byron and some of his contemporaries, though one modern historian—the late Mr. Fyffe—by no means underrates the importance of the Hellenic element in the Eastern question.

Much of the friction between Russia and the other great powers upon the Eastern question results from the fact that Europe generally stood aloof from the earlier phases of the struggle and left Russia to take the initiative in the Greek question. A similar friction we have seen arise in our own time in Egypt through other powers leaving England alone to arrange matters there.

Curtius has pointed out in the introductory chapter of his *History of Greece* that the true geographical eastern limit of the country is the central mountain-chain of Asia Minor, and that the western sea-board of Asia Minor is essentially a part of Greece. With regard to ethnography some hold that the modern Greek is of a degenerate type, and that there is little in common between him and the old Greek race; while others hold that after making due allowance for the depressing effects of Roman, Turkish and other foreign ascendancy, the race remains practically unaltered. Probably

the true state of things will be found somewhere between these two views. While the islands have in many cases preserved a wonderful purity of type and even of language, there is no doubt that the mainland has been largely leavened by alien immigration, and that its inhabitants consist mainly of Hellenised Slavs, the common tie being the language. Besides the '*Ρωμαῖοι*—as the Hellenes used to call themselves in token of their descent from the old Eastern empire—there are Wallachians, sometimes looked on as gypsies, and a strong Albanian contingent. Indeed, the kilt, gaiters, and other articles of dress, which are generally looked upon as composing the national costume, are of Albanian origin. But the Greek race is the most cultivated of those inhabiting the Balkan peninsula. Dean Stanley has given his testimony to the charms of the country as a place of travel, though one of the most striking facts to a stranger's mind is the smallness of the stage upon which the great scenes of ancient Greek life were played.

After the declaration of independence, internal jealousies made the holding of the throne impossible for a native, so a foreign prince was sought, the crown being first offered to and declined by Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, and then accepted by the Bavarian Prince Otho, who became king and reigned for many years. But his absolutist ideas, and extensive employment of Germans in the public service, and financial difficulties led to much dissatisfaction, and though he agreed to modifications in the constitution in the direction of Liberalism, he was finally obliged to abdicate in 1862. He seems to have had the good of his adopted country at heart, and both he and his queen retained a strong affection for it to the end of their lives. After a provisional Government the throne was offered in turn to Prince Alfred of England and to Prince George of Denmark—both of them, it may be noted, sailor princes—a not unnatural choice for a race which still looked back to the Battle of Salamis. George of Denmark accepted the crown, which he has held from that time, and a new constitution was put forth, under which Greece has advanced steadily along the path of progress, though its over-eagerness to make its opportunities of Turkey's troubles have at times given rise to complications. Though the Greek Church is established and the king's children have to be members of it, all religions are tolerated. The government is carried on by the king, assisted by a responsible ministry, and a single legislative assembly called the *Boulé*. There are no hereditary titles, and the legal system is founded in part upon the old Byzantine Code, but to a greater extent upon the Code *Napoléon*. The system of education is good and free. Besides

national, middle, and grammar schools, there is a university, which is well attended, at Athens, and this system is owing in a great measure to the patriotic efforts of George Gennadius in 1834. One of the great difficulties the present prime minister—M. Tricoupis—has to contend with is lack of pence, caused chiefly by the backward state of commercial development. But he is popular, perhaps on account of his encouragement of national feeling to an extent amounting to what would in this country be called “jingoism.” The country is not thickly populated, its 25,000 square miles containing only about $2\frac{1}{4}$ millions. The nature of the country is not very favourable to agriculture, and the summer droughts dry up the river beds, which, however, after the autumn rains become overflowing torrents. Still the manufactures are being developed, there is production of textile fabrics and of leather; while marble still comes from Paros, lead from Laurium, and there is a considerable export of olive oil and dried fruit.

The Greeks have an army of 28,000 men, and a navy of 27 war vessels, of which 3 are ironclads and 24 torpedo boats. The merchant service has 5,074 sailing vessels, and 83 steamers, and the Piræus is as of old busy with shipping. It gives food for reflection to see a ship lying in dock, its legend setting forth in the ancient character that it hails from Ithaca, or to see a drachma circulating in the Latin monetary union with the inscription *Βασιλεὺς τῶν Ἑλλήνων*.

The modern Greek language differs much in grammar and pronunciation from the ancient; and even in the islands, where many old words and expressions are retained, they have often changed entirely in signification. But in cultured circles great and persistent efforts have been made to revive the old classic tongue, and these have been attended with much success. If the king—like the nation—is happy that has no history, George I. should be happy, for his life is uneventful. Having, for a king, a modest income, he busies himself about his duties, and it says much for king and people that he can go about Athens almost as a private citizen, treated indeed with respect, but free from the persecuting attention which besets the steps of our older dynasties. George I. is an accomplished linguist.

MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS.



Our younger actresses, Miss Elizabeth Robins is undoubtedly one of the very foremost. Although she has been brought into prominence chiefly by her fearless championship of Ibsen, yet, even had she been content to tread the more conventional and less thorny paths of our English "domestic dramas," her clever acting must have won her a high place among her contemporaries. But Miss Robins has inevitably associated herself with the New Drama; and even if we have nothing else to thank Ibsen for, we must, at least, be grateful to him for having been the means of making us acquainted with so charming and accomplished a lady.

Like her co-admirer of the Norwegian dramatist, Miss Marion Lea, Miss Robins is an American by birth, although, happily, one would not detect it from her speech. Kentucky was her early home, and her first histrionic training was under the distinguished guidance of Edwin Booth, "with whom," as she recently explained to an interviewer, "I played a number of Shakespeare's characters." Not a bad apprenticeship for a youthful aspirant! But Miss Robins was eager to triumph in both worlds, and, after a visit to Norway, where her interest in Ibsen's plays was first aroused, she commenced her rôle as interpreter of that writer with the part of Martha in *The Pillars of Society*, following it with that of Mrs. Linden in the much-debated *Doll's House*. But it was not until her assumption of the part of Hedda Gabler in the play of that name, in 1890, that Miss Robins showed her real strength.

Even the most hostile critics of the play—and there were not a few—were loud in praise of Miss Robins's acting; indeed, many of them went so far in their expressions of disapproval of the piece as to say that it was only redeemed by the acting of Miss Robins and Miss Lea from utter failure; all were unanimous in declaring that such a performance as that of the two young American actresses had not been seen on the London stage for a long while. True, there were those who insinuated that the parts were so easy to play that anyone could say such speeches naturally, and so on; but when with their next breath they went on to condemn the character of



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MISS ROBINS.

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Hedda as utterly false, unreal, and unnatural, the force of their former criticism was somewhat weakened.

After her great success with Hedda Gabler, Miss Robins was tempted for a time into the paths of melodrama, when we had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing a block of the hardest wood cut with a superfine razor. Happily, however, the suffering heroine did not long engage her attention, and her next essay was with Mr. Compton's company, in the part of Claire, in Mr. Henry James's version of his novel, *The American*. Here again Miss Robins achieved a veritable triumph. Difficult enough as the character is to realise in the book, in the play it becomes ten times more difficult, and in the hands of anyone less gifted than Miss Robins, the delicate shadowy Claire would have become an ordinary, matter-of-fact, weak-minded girl. Miss Robins, however, succeeded in preserving the inexplicable charm and delicacy of the character, and gave us a very beautiful and consistent conception of the part.

In 1893 Ibsen once more "asserted his influence" with Miss Robins; and, in *The Master Builder*, not only confounded his opponents, but a good many of his admirers as well. Yet here again, where nearly all the critics were at loggerheads, one point of agreement still remained: no one could help admiring the Hilda Wangel of Miss Robins. And, indeed, the interpretation fell very little, if at all, short of genius.

The part was one which presented almost the very antithesis of the one in which the actress had won her former triumph: indeed, many had thought her physically incapable of assuming it; but despite all prognostications, Miss Robins was declared on all hands to be an ideal Hilda Wangel, as she had been an ideal Hedda Gabler.

It is to be hoped that in future we shall see more of Miss Robins; we can ill afford to do without such a remarkably intelligent actress.



MR. G. J. HOLYOAKE.



NO social reformer of the nineteenth century has done more to promote the welfare of the labouring population than Mr. G. J. Holyoake. Born at Birmingham in 1817, he worked for thirteen years with his father in an iron foundry in that town, and the impressions he there received of the petty tyranny of masters and the apathy and helplessness of workmen played no small part in shaping his after career. On reaching manhood he abandoned the evangelical views under which he had been brought up for the theories of Robert Owen, and in 1841 became a "social missionary"—a preacher, that is, of the doctrines of co-operation and "rational religion."

In the course of his wanderings he was entrapped at Cheltenham into admissions which were deemed derogatory to the Christian religion, and was imprisoned for six months as an "atheist" in Gloucester Gaol. By his manly and straightforward conduct on this occasion he gave a stimulus to the free expression of honest convictions, but at the same time he seriously injured his own prospects.

Soon after his release he betook himself to London, where throughout a long career he has shown himself in all matters an unswerving supporter of religious and political freedom. His publishing office in Fleet Street was not only a centre for the dissemination of "heretical" books and pamphlets, but a meeting-place for advanced thinkers and liberal politicians; and many resolutions taken here exercised an important influence on the course of public events. As editor of the *Reasoner* and other periodicals, the pages of which were open to writers of the most divergent views, he did much to promote a spirit of open-mindedness and toleration. He was a personal friend of Mazzini and Garibaldi, and gave his ardent support to the Italian struggle for liberty, acting as secretary to the London "Garibaldi Fund Committee." He also took a warm interest in the exiled Hungarian patriots and the Republicans who were driven from France on the establishment of the Third Empire.

But the special aim of Mr. Holyoake's life has been the emancipation



W. & D. DOWNEY,

MR. G. J. HOLYOAKE.

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of the working man from the social and political thralldom which prevent the growth of all his higher capacities. This motive, more than any other, has inspired the resolute and self-denying courage which he has so often shown in public matters—as, for example, when he persisted in issuing his *War Chronicles* in the face of threats of prosecution from the Exchequer. This open defiance of the Government hastened on the repeal of the newspaper duties, and thus brought within the poor man's reach what had hitherto been a luxury confined to the rich. Voting by ballot, the extension of the franchise, the right of public meeting, compulsory education, must be reckoned among the causes which he has actively upheld by deed, tongue, or pen.

But Mr. Holyoake has done more than merely support the popular movements of his time. By his propagation of "Secularism" he has himself contributed in no small degree to create the tone of thought which dominates the Radicalism of the present day. The central doctrine of that creed is that it is the duty of mankind to promote social progress by improving the material conditions of life, apart from all religious motives. This theory, of course, appeals to different minds with varying force according to their previous ideas, but all must acknowledge that Mr. Holyoake has done good service in laying stress on the influence exercised by heredity, training, and environment in the formation of character.

From Robert Owen he learnt the doctrine that men are what they are by virtue of their surroundings, and that the improvement of these is the only possible means of raising the individual. In one important point he differs from his predecessor. He is no believer in paternal government or State Socialism. He holds that the true method of bettering the condition of the working man is to put him in the way of helping himself. This idea lies at the root of Mr. Holyoake's scheme of co-operation, in which both production and distribution are carried on in self-supporting industrial cities, where mutual help and joint responsibility take the place of rivalry and competition. The interests of every member of the community are involved in its welfare, and therefore, apart from sentimental considerations, each may be trusted to put his best energies into his work, and to identify his own advantage with that of his fellow-workers.

We are as yet a long way from the goal to which Mr. Holyoake looks forward—competition, not co-operation, is still the order of the day—yet some advance has been made towards a higher form of industrial organisation,

and it has to a great extent been brought about by his efforts. Mr. Holyoake is not an "atheist." He might with more justice be termed an Agnostic, a title of which some eminent modern leaders of thought have not been ashamed. His chief contributions to literature are his *History of Co-operation in England* (1875-1879), *Self-Help a Hundred Years Ago* (1888), and other similar works. In 1890 he published an interesting autobiography, entitled *Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life*. He has also written *The Limits of Atheism*, *Trial of Theism*, and a *Life of J. R. Stephens*.



W. & D. DOWNEY,

MR. KENDAL.

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MR. KENDAL.



WHEN two individuals, both possessing high intellectual gifts, enter into partnership, the results are not always very encouraging. Even when much good work is produced by the collaboration, it is often an open question whether the one or the other of the two has not contributed his share by sacrificing, to a certain extent, his own individuality.

Had it not been for the fatal necessity to compromise, it is possible that he might have risen to a higher position in his profession than he can ever hope to do in partnership with another. In applying this consideration to the case of Mr. Kendal, and looking at the matter from a purely artistic standpoint, one cannot help thinking that in many ways Mr. Kendal's long and faithful professional partnership with Mrs. Kendal has had the effect of preventing the full development of his own powers. One cannot help thinking that even in the choice of plays the first thought uppermost in his mind is the selection of a play in which there is a good part for Mrs. Kendal. As for what will suit himself, that is a secondary consideration: he can play creditably the most indifferent parts. Mrs. Kendal has said of her husband that "a more modest artist than he could not possibly breathe," and in this delightful criticism we have nearly the whole of the secret of the success of the long partnership.

But Mr. Kendal is something more than an actor: he is an actor-manager, and from this other point of view his policy has been, no doubt, a wise one. For whatever he might have become as an actor under other conditions, Mrs. Kendal is, and has been for years, one of the very finest actresses on the London stage. In many of the characters she has impersonated she stands absolutely without a rival. She is great in almost everything she undertakes, and her popularity with all classes of playgoers has never in the least degree waned since the time when, as Miss Robertson, she made her *début* on the London stage. For nearly a quarter of a century she has acted in company with her husband; they have never acted apart from one another since their marriage, and it is only just to Mrs. Kendal to say that Mr.

Kendal's success as a manager is due largely to her popularity and his own happy married life.

Mr. Kendal was born in 1843, and in 1861, when he was eighteen years of age, he started his dramatic career as a member of the old Soho Theatre company. It is interesting to remember that at that time the company included Ellen Terry, Charles Wyndham, and David James. Then he, like most other young actors, worked for a time in the provinces, until he was lucky enough, in 1866, to secure a place in the Haymarket company, perhaps the most brilliant group of actors and actresses who were at that time performing in London. Here he met, and in 1869 married, Miss Robertson, and from that year also their professional partnership dates. In the early years of their married life, of the many plays in which they both appeared before the public, one recalls most readily *Pygmalion and Galatea* at the Haymarket in 1871, with Mr. Kendal as Pygmalion, and his wife, of course, as Galatea; *As You Like It* at the Opera Comique, in February, 1875, with Mr. Kendal as Orlando, and again, of course, Mrs. Kendal as Rosalind; *Peril*, *London Assurance*, and *Diplomacy*, all three at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, where Mr. Hare and Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft were also delighting playgoers. In *Diplomacy*, in those days, Mr. Kendal took the part of Captain Beauclerc.

In 1879 Mr. Kendal and Mr. Hare entered into a joint management of the St. James's Theatre. They enjoyed a series of almost unbroken successes which lasted for nine years. Tennyson's *Falcon*, *The Money Spinner*, *The Queen's Shilling*, *A Scrap of Paper*, *The Squire*, *The Wife's Secret*, *Impulse*, *Lady Clancarty*, *Still Waters*, *The Weaker Sex*, *The Ironmaster*, were among the most popular of their productions. One remembers with pleasure Mrs. Kendal in all of those we have named, and in more than one or two the recollection in our minds of Mr. Kendal's acting is not less vivid. In *Impulse* especially his acting was one of the successes of the piece, and in *Lady Clancarty* he was distinctly powerful. Indeed, whatever part he undertakes he plays carefully and with delicate finish. He always gives the impression of manliness, of strength, of a man who, in whatever position of life he may find himself, never forgets that he is an English gentleman. No one can play the part of a born aristocrat better than he; the character fits him like a glove, more especially if it gives him an opportunity for the display of a quiet and subtle humour, which is all his own. Certainly it is difficult to think of any character he has rendered better than the sleepy, easy-going aristocratic Sir John Molyneux, in *A White Lie*, a play which also shows off

Mrs. Kendal's powers at their very best. On the other hand, Mr. Kendal is never seen to advantage in parts which call for much emotional acting, or which belong to tragedy. In comedy his genius lives, and moves, and has its being.

The selection of a play is the most difficult task a manager has to perform, and the most successful men have made occasional, and sometimes terrible, mistakes. Not many have had so few falls as Mr. Kendal. His wife has told the public that her husband reads most of the plays which are sent to him, and they receive hundreds in the course of the year, but he is very difficult to please. "He possesses the faculty of knowing exactly when there is money in a play. His judgment is so cool." And this is not simply the pardonable pride of a wife in her husband: it is borne out by the history of the St. James's Theatre from 1879 to 1888.

In July, 1888, the Kendal and Hare management was dissolved, and the regret of the public was made abundantly manifest at the farewell performances, and also at a public banquet which was held in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal at the Hôtel Métropole, on the 16th July, 1889, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., being in the chair. This banquet took also the form of a farewell to the actor and actress, who were then on the eve of starting for their first American tour. Like other public favourites, they found the Americans so appreciative and profitable that they have repeated their visit each succeeding year, and it was not until the close of the year 1892 that they returned to the London stage. They took the Avenue Theatre for six months, and opened with a revival of *A White Lie*. They received a brilliant welcome from all their old admirers, and it was evident that they had lost no ground in public favour by their long absence. If hard words have been said about them, they have been said more in sorrow than in anger, and because London has missed them so much.

No other stage favourites exactly fill their place. The Kendals are one of our most cherished London institutions, and we grudge the Americans their share in what we have long looked upon as our own property. It is difficult to speak of Mr. Kendal apart from his brilliant wife; it is impossible in bestowing praise on the one not to include the other. Their partnership will remain recorded as one of the most interesting and instructive chapters in the history of the English stage.

THE LADY ALEXANDRA DUFF.



IN that strange and complex world known as Society, some are distinguished by their wealth, others are respected for their learning, while others again win distinction by their "smartness," their wit, or their beauty.

It cannot truthfully be said that to any of the above-named causes is the position held by the subject of this month's portrait due: for, though by no means lacking in this world's goods, it is not for her great wealth that this lady is renowned; nor, again, is she as yet startlingly pre-eminent in the learned world, or in the brilliant ranks of wits and jesters; "smartness," moreover, does not exercise that fatal fascination over her that it seems to have for some other members of the same little world; and it must be acknowledged, even by her most ardent admirers (and we include also the portrait of one of these), that her beauty is as yet immature, and that there are rival queens beside whose riper charms her fainter glories pale.

And yet, despite all these disadvantages, there can be no doubt that the Lady Alexandra Duff holds a distinct position in Society. She is the centre of a circle which, if not extensive, is yet eminently select, and one which many possessing greater wealth, wit, and beauty would give a good deal to be allowed to enter. Her *salon* can boast of the frequent attendance, and the willing attendance, of Royalty; she commands the eager admiration of some of the highest born in the land; and yet she makes no effort to obtain these privileges: this wonderful result is due to no anxious thought and careful scheming; she remains comparatively indifferent; she does not seem to recognise what a social success she has won!

For two years she was without a rival—the monarch with title undisputed of the little world in which she moved; but in 1893 a new star appeared upon the horizon, and henceforth it was a divided kingdom which she ruled. No longer could she command the whole admiration of her little court.



W. & D. DOWNEY,

THE LADY ALEXANDRA DUFF.

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What is the key to this puzzle? What has given her this celebrity?

This is easily answered by chronicling one fact of her history (one might almost say *the* one fact), viz., that she was born on the 17th May, 1891. When we add that her mother stands next to the Duke of York in succession to the throne of Great Britain, the important position of the Lady Alexandra Duff will at once be recognised.

ADMIRAL KEPPEL, G.C.B.



ADMIRAL of the Fleet the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, G.C.B., fourth son of the fourth Earl of Albemarle by the Hon. Elizabeth Southwell, a daughter of Edward Lord de Clifford, was born on June 14th, 1809, and, coming of a family which had already produced two admirals, and which possessed distinguished naval traditions, he entered the Royal Navy at the age of thirteen with prospects which his rapid advancement in the service did not falsify. At twenty he was a lieutenant, at twenty-four a commander, and at less than twenty-nine a post-captain. Previous to this he had had the advantage of being for a time in the *Galatea*, 42, under that dashing officer, Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir) Charles Napier; a man who, in the early thirties, was looked upon as the smartest, pluckiest, and luckiest post-captain of his generation. As lieutenant, too, young Keppel in the *Magicienne*, 24, visited the far East, which in later years was to be the scene of his chief exploits, and assisted in the blockade of the Mouran. His first command was the *Childers*, a 16-gun sloop, which was under his orders in the Mediterranean, on the coast of Spain during the Carlist war, and at the Cape of Good Hope from 1834 till 1838; and in 1841 he was appointed to the *Dido*, 18, in which he saw his earliest hard fighting. The *Dido* assisted in the operations in the Yang-tse-kiang, and at the capture of Woosung and Shanghai in 1842, and in the following year was detached with the Honourable East India Co.'s steamer, *Phlegethon*, to repress the pirates on the coast of Borneo. Captain Keppel, who was senior officer, captured a number of pirates at Sarawak, and destroyed piratical strongholds of great importance at Paddi, Pakoo, Rembas, Patusan, and Kerangan, losing, it is true, upwards of sixty of his own men killed or wounded, but killing at least 250 of the enemy, burning thousands of houses, and about 250 vessels and boats, taking 70 guns and 13 flags, and teaching the Malays a wholesome lesson which even now they have not forgotten. He returned to England and paid off the *Dido* in 1845. The two following years he was able to enjoy at home, and the well-earned holiday was no doubt welcome, for in 1839 Captain Keppel had married Catherine Louisa, a daughter of the late General Sir John Crosbie, G.C.B. But in 1847 he was recalled to



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ADMIRAL KEPPEL.

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active service, and appointed to the *Mæander*, 44. In that frigate he carried out his friend, Rajah Brooke of Sarawak, who had been made Governor of the newly-purchased island of Labuan, and continuing in commission he served on the China, Australia, and Pacific stations ere he again saw England in 1851, after having circumnavigated the globe. In 1853 he was given command of the screw line-of-battle ship, *St. Jean d'Acre*, 101, and was, soon after the outbreak of war with Russia, attached to the fleet in the Baltic. Later he joined the fleet in the Black Sea, and either in the *St. Jean d'Acre*, or in the *Rodney*, 90, to which he was presently transferred, assisted in the bombardment of Kinburn, the capture of Kertch, the attack on Taganrog, and the siege of Sebastopol. During the last three months of that siege he commanded the Naval Brigade on shore, and was for his services three times gazetted, thanked in general orders, made a C.B., and a Commander of the Legion of Honour, and awarded the second class of the Medjidieh. He, moreover, received the Baltic, Crimean, Turkish, and Sardinian medals, and the Sebastopol clasp.

Ere he had left the Crimea he was ordered to hoist a commodore's broad pennant in the *Raleigh*, 50, and take upon himself the duties of second in command in China. That ship struck upon a previously unknown rock twenty miles from Macao in 1857 and was lost; but the commodore hoisted his pennant in another vessel, and on June 1st, 1857, with very great distinction, shared in the destruction of Chinese war-junks in Fatshan Creek. On that occasion his galley was sunk under him, five out of six of the crew being killed or wounded, and the gallant officer narrowly escaped death by drowning. It is recorded of him that as his boat disappeared beneath him, he rose in the stern sheets, and, shaking his fist angrily at the Chinese, shouted, "You shall pay for this, you scoundrels!" He was gazetted with honour, and at once made a K.C.B. for his exertions and bravery. Almost at the same time he attained the rank of Rear-Admiral, and in that capacity he served for a year as Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen, and then, in 1860, he assumed the chief command at the Cape of Good Hope, with his flag in the *Forte*, 51. In 1861 he proceeded in the *Emerald*, 51, as Commander-in-Chief, to the Brazilian station; and in 1867, after his promotion in 1864 to be Vice-Admiral, he entered upon his last sea-service as Commander-in-Chief in China, his flag flying in his old ship, the *Rodney*. He returned to England in 1869, upon his promotion to be Admiral, and was soon afterwards awarded a Good Service pension, and the complimentary degree of D.C.L. by the University of Oxford. In 1871 he was given the deserved reward of the G.C.B.; in 1875 he attained, by his promotion to be Admiral of

the Fleet, the highest rank in the service ; and in 1878, as if to fill his cup of honour to overflowing, Her Majesty appointed him her First and Principal Naval Aide-de-Camp. In 1879, when he reached the limit of age, he retired from the service. Having lost his first wife, he had in 1861 married Jane Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. M. J. West, his son by whom is now flag-lieutenant to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

Sir Harry Keppel, as the veteran Admiral of the Fleet is always called, has for a generation been the most popular naval officer of his day. Of wonderful vitality and youthfulness, inexhaustible good spirits and good nature, and an appearance which is eminently that of a sailor, he seems to possess every quality which the typical Englishman loves. It is not wonderful, therefore, that, a favourite with all who know him, he is a special favourite with the members of the Royal Family. It is no secret that Her Majesty has for many years consulted him concerning the naval careers of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of York, and that he has been the professional guide, philosopher, and friend of both. But it is perhaps less well known that the Royal Princesses, and particularly the Princess of Wales, are accustomed to show to this white-headed old sea-dog an affectionate attention which is none the less touching because it is thoroughly deserved and gallantly reciprocated. Sir Henry has never had an opportunity of proving himself to be a great commander or a subtle strategist or tactician. When he was Commander-in-Chief in China some brother officer reproached him with leaving too much responsibility upon his very competent secretary, Mr. Risk, and added, smilingly, "Why Risk, you know, is practically the Commander-in-Chief." Sir Henry, far from resenting the assertion, only laughed heartily and rejoined, "And a very good Commander-in-Chief he makes." This reminiscence affords a key to his character. But though, perhaps, not known as a great administrator or a deep strategist, Sir Henry Keppel will long be remembered as an officer of distinguished bravery, and as a man dowered with human and social qualities which have rendered him almost unique in his generation.



W & D. DOWNEY,

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

57 & 61, Ebury Street, London.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.



THE man of letters to-day has need of many endowments. He stands between the masters of thought and the general public, as an interpreter of the results attained both in scholarship and science. To act thus successfully, he must possess wide knowledge, be quick to detect connections between lines of study apparently far apart, and have the pen of a ready writer. Such a man of letters is Sir Edwin Arnold. He has been everywhere, learned all languages, read everything, and written about everything—sometimes as mere journalist, sometimes as critical thinker, sometimes as poet. In the forty years of his literary activity he has put a girdle round the whole world of language, of science, and of religious thought. As to other writers of the same class, we look to him less for depth than for breadth, less for original research than for brilliance of exposition, and no one coming to him with this expectation will be greatly disappointed.

He was born in 1832, and, after a training at King's School, Rochester, and King's College, London, gained a scholarship at University College, Oxford. Even then he showed a taste for verse, for the year 1853 was marked by his gaining the Newdigate Prize by an ode which he recited before the University on the installation of Lord Derby as Chancellor, and by the publication of his "Poems Narrative and Lyrical." On leaving college he held a mastership in King Edward's School, Birmingham, which he resigned in order to go to India as Principal of the Deccan College at Poona. This last appointment counted for much in his intellectual and literary development, for it enabled him to foster that mingled reverence for the religions of the East and interest in the science of the West which is the mark of his best later writings.

Meanwhile, he began to work at all kinds of subjects, with the result that he has published quite a profusion of books—translations from Sanskrit, an essay on the Greek poets, a treatise on education in India, a history in two volumes of the administration of Lord Dalhousie, a Turkish Grammar composed in 1877, when the Eastern Question was the great interest in

English politics, an excursion into Mohammedanism in "Pearls from Islam's Rosary," an elaborate poem founded on an episode in the Bostân of the Persian Sa'adi, and "Japonica," sketches from Japan.

This list, as we shall see, is far from exhaustive; nor does it touch more than one side of the author's activity. In 1861 he left India, and became editor of *The Daily Telegraph*. For that journal he helped to arrange the visit of Mr. George Smith to Assyria, and also, in conjunction with *The New York Herald*, that of Mr. Stanley to Africa. Honours then began to fall upon him. On the proclamation of the Queen as Empress he was made Companion of the Star of India, and in 1888 Knight Commander of the Indian Empire. The Sultan of Turkey gave him the Order of Medjidieh, the King of Siam that of the White Elephant.

The editorial chair of *The Daily Telegraph* might seem, at first sight, for one with the Eastern leanings of Sir Edwin Arnold, more suited to the cultivation of Persian flowers of style in English prose than to the production of true poetry. Yet during his editorship his poetic power developed. In 1879 "The Light of Asia" appeared, and at once, and deservedly, attained popularity. In it the profound spiritual teaching of the Buddha, interpreted according to the light of the author's scholarship, was offered, in a form of considerable beauty, to the average reader, and thus satisfied the want felt for a popular account of the origin of a religion which has played so large a part in the world. An attempt, twelve years later, to versify parts of the Christian story in "The Light of the World" can hardly be regarded as so successful. This poem, however, is not the only recent evidence which Sir Edwin has given of his interest in the problems which fascinate the finer minds of the day. In a striking volume, "Death and Afterwards," he argued that it is reasonable to expect a future existence, for, in the presence of the mysteries of life and death, we may be as near a glad surprise as was Don Quixote, who, after hanging, as he fancied, above an abyss, found that he dropped just four inches. This bright expectation is only a mark of the hopefulness which is characteristic of Sir Edwin's most serious thoughts. His views are summed up in a letter to *The Daily Telegraph*, republished in his "Seas and Lands," in which he recounts how, when travelling in Japan, he was called upon to address the assembled University of Tokio. The contrast between East and West led him to turn his discourse upon "The Range of Modern Knowledge," and, probably, never before had poet or journalist so picturesque an

opportunity for a confession of faith. As he spoke, he looked out upon "the immense city, covering with its small black houses as large an area as London." Before him "sate or knelt the flower of the Japanese youth, eager to hear, and among them, with shaven heads, and lappets of gold embroidery, 'the calm brethren of the yellow robe,' " Buddhist monks. First he directed the attention of this unique audience to astronomy, and pointed out that the great religions of the world were promulgated under the idea that the earth was the centre of things, and that "the stars were hardly more than pretty mysterious lanterns lighted to spangle our night-time." But, he continued, in reality the greatness of our destiny consists, not in our being the centre of creation, but "in belonging at all to so glorious and visible a galaxy of life, with the invisible effulgence and the infinite possibilities beyond it." The theory of Darwin has shown how the present conditions have arisen out of ages of strife, but the mistake of many of his followers has been to look more on the low origin of human beings than, like Sir Edwin himself, on "the continuous and ennobling ascent, promising to lift the race, even in this sphere of things, to unknown heights." At this point, the Japanese were informed, Buddhism steps in, and shows that there

"Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good."

Its doctrine of the illusions of the senses is confirmed "when Tyndall tells us of sounds we cannot hear, and Norman Lockyer of colours we cannot see." Its teaching of a chain of causation, linking past with future, is proved true by the stamp on all around us of bygone good and evil. So much we have learned, and now "Science, like a mother with her sleeve full of gifts, beckons her children onwards to fresh secrets," and the great secret of all, enshrined even in the Buddhism which seems to most students so austere a faith, is hope of progress now and after death. It is no wonder that a clever writer, who so cheerily reconciles the mysticism of the East with the science of the West, by ignoring the darker elements of both, has gained great popularity. It is safe to say that Sir Edwin has a world-wide reputation. Starting from England, his books have crossed America, and are read by an admiring public in Japan and India.

LADY COLIN CAMPBELL.



LADY COLIN CAMPBELL is a citizen of the world. Born of Irish stock, she spent her childhood in Italy, she came out in London, and her marriage allied her to Scotland. She knows her Nile, and in Paris she passes, by long familiarity, as a Parisian, speaking French as perfectly as she speaks her native English and her almost native Italian; for wherever Lady Colin Campbell went she took with her the observing eye and the listening ear. Endowed with the faculty, as well as the opportunity, to see and hear, she has been doubly favoured, with the result that she is essentially cosmopolitan in temper, and that there is no provinciality in her.

The Bloods went from Derbyshire to Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth, and the estate then acquired in County Clare has been held by the family ever since, from father to son—from Edmond to Neptune. Edmond, the first of the Irish line, had a son born at sea, whom he therefore called Neptune; and the two names have alternated in the successive generations of the family ever since. When Lady Colin's father, Mr. Edmond Maghlin Blood, died in 1891, the estate passed to her only brother, Mr. Neptune Blood. A variety of social conditions has conspired to expatriate the Irish landlord, and Lady Colin has not spent much of her life in her own land. Yet a visit to her native coast in recent years convinced her of its intrinsic beauties. "Down the bay we go," she wrote of a boating expedition, "and out to the glorious open sea, dancing and leaping in the sunshine and breeze, and throwing its white arms of foam exultingly aloft against frowning cliffs and headlands of black basalt. Surely, on a fine breezy day, the sea is the most actively feminine thing in all Nature. This Clare coast has made a stern fight for centuries against her, but she is slowly and surely getting the best of it. Headlands may take their stand against her wiles, but the enemy creeps round, attacks them in flank and rear, and, before they are aware, they are cut off from the mainland—a prey to her volleys all round."

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Blood with Lord Colin Campbell, fifth



W. & D. DOWNEY,

LADY COLIN CAMPBELL.

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son of the Duke of Argyll, and at that time M.P. for Argyllshire, took place in 1881 at the Savoy Chapel. A few years later Lady Colin applied for and obtained a judicial separation, which was steadily upheld in her favour against pertinacious appeal in Court after Court. Lady Colin had begun her career as a writer before her marriage. Her very first article, a chapter of foreign travel, was written when she was sixteen, and published in *Cassell's Family Magazine*. Not long after she published, under the *nom de plume* of "G. E. Bruneille," a story named "Top." It was, in reality, an account of the child-life she and her sister and brother had passed in Italy. The very pretty feeling in the text was well matched by that in the illustrations, from the pencil of Miss Kate Greenaway. By degrees, after her marriage, pen-work began to take a larger and larger place in Lady Colin's constantly active life. Invited to join the staff of *The Saturday Review*, she became a constant contributor to its columns. One series of her *Saturday* papers was on "Fishes," and these were re-issued in a volume under the title of "The Book of the Running Brook and of Still Waters," the "W. H. P." of the dedication page being, of course, Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, her editor. Her knowledge of painting, the result, not only of a patient observation of the Old Masters in the great galleries of Europe, but also of her own practice with the brush, gives her special facilities as an art critic in more than one prominent paper, and she has made several contributions to the *Art Journal*, *National Review*, and other magazines. She has been busy as a book reviewer; she has given at least three tasks to her fellow-reviewers, and will probably give another shortly, for her "Woman's Walks," in the *World*, are sure to pass, in part at least, into volume form. Her only novel, "Darell Blake," published in the autumn of 1889, was so warmly welcomed by the press that its sale was at once counted in thousands.

As a musician Lady Colin Campbell is widely known. The public of the poor are familiar with her beautiful voice and her beautiful presence; for she has sung to them east and west, in a hundred of their concert-rooms. Having considerable knowledge as a musician she is the ablest ally that a charitable entertainer of the people desires to gain, as she has always proved herself also the most willing. Nor has her work for the poor been limited to this imparting of an evening's pleasure to the pleasureless; for her, "slumming" has taken the form of weekly visits in all weathers to the class of factory girls to whose improvement in manners and morals she devoted herself for years, and to the succour of the sick and aged in their forlorn homes.

MR. SIDNEY WEBB, LL.B.



FEW men can boast such versatile powers as those of Mr. Sidney Webb, or present at thirty-four a record comparable with his. As an economist and statistician, a journalist and man of letters, a lecturer and dialectician, and a moulder and interpreter of democratic thought, he stands in the first rank ; in civil law and jurisprudence he is profoundly versed ; and on all questions of London government and reform he occupies the position of a specialist. He combines in a rare degree sound theoretical knowledge with its sound practical application. What he does not know, say his friends, is not worth knowing ; and what he knows he utilises to the uttermost.

Mr. Webb was born in 1859. He is a native of the Greater London he loves so well ; and, with the exception of some early educational years passed in Switzerland and Germany, in London he has always lived. He attended various classes and lectures at the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution, and gained innumerable prizes and distinctions. At nineteen he entered the Civil Service ; and at twenty-two obtained, in open competition, a high-class appointment at the Colonial Office. He then enrolled himself at Gray's Inn ; and after taking the "Bacon Scholarship" and a studentship in Roman law and jurisprudence, and casually wresting from Cambridge the "Whewell Scholarship" (which he relinquished on account of a residential condition), he was called to the Bar in 1885 and awarded the "Barstow Scholarship." The next year he graduated as Bachelor of Laws at the London University, having passed both the intermediate and final examinations with honours.

Despite his high legal qualifications, Mr. Webb did not don the wig and gown, but happily decided to devote himself to literary, educational, and public work. He became Lecturer on Economics at the City of London College ; and, emerging from the pronounced individualism of Mr. Herbert Spencer, with whose philosophy he had diligently acquainted himself, found salvation in evolutionary socialism, and actively identified himself with the now celebrated Fabian Society. Of this body, where all are equal, he is



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MR. SIDNEY WEBB.

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probably the king. He has written or inspired a large number of the society's terse and forcible tracts, has contributed to its "Essays in Socialism" (a volume of which thirty thousand copies have been issued), and is one of its most energetic and popular lecturers. His busy pen is constantly at work for various magazines and journals, his articles and notes on the social problems of the day being in great demand; and he has already published some notable volumes on these and kindred economic subjects. In 1891 he resigned his lucrative appointment at the Colonial Office to follow out his now clearly-defined career. He became a leader in the victorious crusade for "municipal socialism" at the London County Council elections in 1892; and himself headed the poll at Deptford with over 4,000 votes, distancing his successful Progressive colleague by 1,500.

As a political economist, Mr. Webb is a recognised authority. He has made at least one contribution to the development of the science in the enunciation of his theory with regard to "Economic Interest," which he powerfully argues is expressed by a law similar to the Ricardian law of Rent. He wrote for the press a critical and appreciative review of Professor Marshall's "Principles of Economics"; and in 1891 read before the Economic Section of the British Association a paper on the alleged differences in the wages paid to men and to women for similar work. This was subsequently published in the *Economic Journal*, to which he has also contributed a characteristic article on the "Difficulties of Individualism." All his writings breathe the spirit of the new economics; and as a Socialist he belongs to the English school, working on the Jevonian rather than the Marxian theory of value. When examined before the Royal Commission on Labour in 1892, he laid it down that Socialism is a principle towards the realisation of which we are moving, that we may never reach its complete realisation, and that any attempt to reach it except by a process of gradual evolution is not to be seriously entertained.

As a writer and speaker Mr. Webb is clear, fascinating, and convincing. He gives a charm to statistics, for which he has a passion; marshals his facts in a masterly manner; and states his deductions with the precision of the skilled logician he is. Probably no one suspected how intense is the collectivist spirit of the age until his "Socialism in England" appeared; none but a few experts realised how many and great are the anachronisms and anomalies of municipal life in the metropolis until they perused his "London Programme"; whilst the question of the legislative limitation of the hours of labour for the

first time received exhaustive inductive and deductive treatment in "The Eight Hours Day," the joint work of himself and Mr. Harold Cox, a brother Fabian. Mr. Webb writes with great ease and rapidity, and can anywhere and anywhen retire within himself. One of his prize essays was dashed off in the small hours of the morning, after an evening's lecture; and rumour has it he finds no difficulty in inditing a "London Letter" amidst the small talk of an ocean steamer, or the seclusion of a Norwegian posting-station. He is himself an omnivorous reader, assimilates all he reads, and never suffers from mental dyspepsia. His memory seems to vie with that of Macaulay, and in debate or on platform he is never caught tripping. He speaks without notes, fluently and trenchantly, with occasional genial banter, and with persuasive eloquence.

A few special features yet remain to be noticed. Mr. Webb is a born ruler of men, and a skilled tactician; and he never despises the day of small things. Quietly, but surely, he imposes his will upon others; he knows "when to take occasion by the hand," and no detail is beneath his notice. He is as calmly active and alert behind the scenes as in the glare of the footlights. Wherever there exists a committee to which he attaches importance he is sure to be on it; and where none such exists he creates it. Deeming it part of his mission to educate the Liberal party, he is, of course, a member of the Executive of the London Liberal and Radical Union, the General Committee of the National Liberal Club, and the Executive of the Eighty Club. Equally of course, he is to the front on the new London Reform Union. His work on the London County Council is in daily evidence; and he has been appointed Vice-Chairman of the Local Government Committee, and Chairman of the Special Committee on Technical Education.

In the summer of 1892 Mr. Webb was married to Miss Beatrice Potter, a not less enthusiastic worker in the democratic cause, and the authoress of "The Co-operative Movement in Great Britain." The honeymoon was characteristically spent in gathering materials for the *magnum opus* on which Mr. and Mrs. Webb are jointly engaged, "The History of Trade Unionism," which it is understood will contain a complete record of labour struggles from the time of the Egyptian exploitation of the Jews. Possibly his then impending marriage partly influenced Mr. Webb in declining to stand for Parliament at the last general election; but there can be no doubt he will eventually be found within the walls of St. Stephen's. He has dedicated his rare powers to the service of the people, and is destined to make history.

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W. & D. DOWNEY,

57 & 61, Ebury Street, London.

MR. W. T. STEAD.

MR. W. T. STEAD.



HE son of a Congregational minister at Howdon-on-Tyne, Mr. Stead was born in 1849, and was brought up in close association with his father. Notes of the Sunday sermons were his first preparation for journalism; discussions at the Sunday breakfasts taught him the fearless handling of theological subjects and trust in his own judgment, which have marked his later career. An anecdote has

been recorded showing how the sensitive imagination of the child entered already into the wrongs of mankind. On hearing of some evil deed, "I wish," he cried, "that God would give me a big whip, that I could go round the world, and whip the wicked out of it." Since then he has grasped a bigger whip than that of which he thought, but its use must have taught him that the wicked are armed for defence, not with whips, but with scorpions.

He left school early, and passed eight years in an office at Newcastle. During his boyhood he dreamed of literary fame, but, at last, Lowell's Poems, bought with the odd shilling of a guinea prize from "The Boy's Own Paper," turned his thoughts to less selfish aims. The book came to him at a time of trial, when his mind was "saturated with memories of the Puritans," when his health was weak and his eyesight threatened, and it caused him so completely to renounce all personal ambition that years afterwards he could assert, "Since then I can honestly say that I have never regarded literary success as worth a straw, excepting in so far as it enabled me to strike a heavier blow in the cause of those for whom I was called to fight." He has kept the volume with him constantly. "In Russia, in Ireland, in Rome, in prison," he says, "it has been a constant companion. Only the "Thomas à Kempis," which General Gordon gave him on starting for Khartoum, has been a more cherished possession.

It was no ideal of a meditative spiritual life which so fascinated his mind, but the fact, as he puts it, that Lowell "hitched the teachings of the gospel on to the issues of the polling booth, and revealed Christ once more incarnate even in the midst of this bustling, vulgar nineteenth century."

Strong in this practical faith, he began to write to a newspaper at

Darlington, the *Northern Echo*, his contributions to which attracted the attention of the proprietor, who sought him out, and offered him the editorship. This post he accepted, and soon made his paper an organ of the crusade which Mrs. Butler, a woman for whom he had the deepest reverence, was carrying on against the Contagious Diseases Acts. A little later he entered on another crusade, to which the poems of Lowell "supplied the psalms," and made himself felt as a power in the opposition to the Turks caused by the Bulgarian atrocities. His articles now served as an introduction to three people whose friendship he afterwards prized—Madame Novikoff, Dr. Church, and Dr. Liddon.

A man of such ability could not long remain on a provincial paper. In 1880 he became the assistant of Mr. J. Morley on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and in 1883 succeeded him as editor. A new crusade on behalf of outcast and injured women and children soon called him into the field. The Criminal Law Amendment Bill languished in the Commons, and, it was evident, could only be carried by an extraordinary effort. Mr. Stead visited the lowest haunts of London, and published the results of his inquiries in his "Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon." A two-edged burst of indignation followed. The Bill was passed; the journalist was sent to prison.

Of Holloway Jail, its chaplain, its inmates, its mice, and its sparrows, he has given a graphic picture. There he who had been long "bankrupt in minutes," was a "millionaire of hours," one or two of which he employed in writing an important confession of faith to the *Methodist Times*. "We all," he said, "want more God. Not God in the Bible, nor God in heaven, nor even God in the earth, but God in us, that is the great want, the sum of all our wants. . . . Henceforth I shall never say unto anyone, 'Be a Christian.' It is not Christians who will save the world. No, nor even churches. What we want is not to be Christians, but to be Christs. . . . And what was the Christ? Absolute identity with God, real unity with man. . . . God's business is to spend life in serving those who will crucify you for your pains." In the democracy of to-day the duty of all men is to show themselves "citizen Christs."

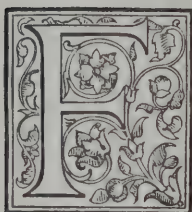
To help on the kingdom of such Christs has been the aim of Mr. Stead's literary career, and the secret of his success has been the recognition of the direct touch which journalism can be made to have with the people at large. The press, he thinks, has taken the place of the House of Commons as "the Chamber of Initiative," for "the power of the Commons is

exercised after the event. When a policy is in the making, the House is dumb." The journalist "who tingles to his finger-tips with an ever fresh and inexhaustible interest in every fresh phase of human life" is now the real ruler, "the uncrowned king of an educated democracy," whose guide he ought to be to ever nobler ideals. In the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Stead, by the introduction of interviews, illustrations, and epitomes of the opinions of the press, created "the new journalism," a flexible and powerful instrument in the hands of any editor strong enough to sway the public mind.

It is not, however, only in direct force that he conceives the work of a journalist to lie. He realises that "the key to all right understanding is sympathy," and that the writer must approach his subject from within rather than as a mere external critic. He has himself shown marvellous power of entering into different points of view in his "Character Sketches" in the *Review of Reviews*, which he has edited since 1890, in his support of the Salvation Army, in the account of Count Tolstoi in his "Truth about Russia," and above all in "The Pope and the New Era." The Catholic Church has a peculiar fascination for his mind. "It has done," he says, "for religion what the new journalism has done for the press. It has sensationalised in order to get a hearing among the masses." He went to Rome in the hope that he might find signs of an instinct which would lead the Papacy to identify itself with the English-speaking races in a democratic social movement. Disappointed in this, he was profoundly affected by the Eternal City, which he described in words, true also of his attitude towards the universe. "That which is visible is important as a finger-post to the invisible. Everything that you see is, as it were, an eyehole through which you look into an infinite beyond."

This love of what is beyond sense is shown by the attention which he is paying to apparitions and thought transference, and, in a higher way, by the fidelity to the ideal of the citizen Christ, which has led him to found an association of "Helpers" to work in various social causes towards a "Civic Church." A man of such power, whose aims are so lofty, and whose industry is so untiring, can hardly fail to leave a mark for good in the quickened lives of many of his contemporaries.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.



FEW men have been assisted along the highway to fame by one who has been at once such a wife and such a colleague, as has Lord Randolph Churchill, second son of the sixth Duke of Marlborough and of the daughter of the third Marquess of Londonderry.

It would be presumptuous to inquire into the statesman's private line of thought, but it is possible that Lord Randolph himself hardly gauged the abilities of the gifted daughter of Mr. Leonard Jerome when he first met her in the Isle of Wight some twenty years ago. Strikingly beautiful, he knew her to be unusually accomplished and endowed with brilliant conversational powers among her other attractions, but her high ambitions and her capacity for realising them were only clearly shown after her marriage. As political ambition in a woman is for the present at least a qualified good, we will hasten to add that that of Lady Randolph has been directed exclusively to promoting the success of her husband in his public career, and has not passed into side-paths on its own account. Lady Randolph was among the first to recognise the importance to her own party of the Primrose League, and has connected herself closely with it, while she has spared no efforts to encourage others to join and to persevere in extending its sphere of action.

The Jerome family are natives of New York, the mother of Lady Randolph was heiress to a large fortune, and her father has always been noted for his resolution, energy, and force of character, attributes which he has handed down to his daughter. He never remained stationary in the New World, but spent much of his time in London and Paris. His children were educated in the latter city, and as they travelled frequently in different countries of Europe, they early became accomplished linguists. Lady Randolph is also an excellent musician, and the programmes of concerts for charitable purposes often include her name among those of the other performers. The studies of Miss Jerome were brought to an abrupt end by the outbreak of the Franco-German War, when she left Paris with her family. There was at first a question of a return to New



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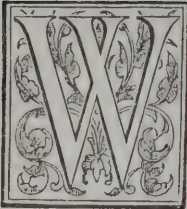
LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

York, but Cowes was selected as a temporary residence instead, and it was to this chance that is owed the first meeting with Lord Randolph, who was still in early youth at this time, he having been born in February, 1849. The marriage of the pair took place in the chapel of the British Embassy at Paris in 1874; Lord Randolph entered Parliament as member for Woodstock the same year, and was rarely absent from the political stage from that time till 1886, when after putting a finishing touch to his success by accepting the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons, he astounded his friends and foes alike by resigning in December of the same year.

It would be difficult to say whether the idea of trying to oust Mr. John Bright from his seat in Birmingham at the general elections of 1885 emanated first from the daring brain of Lord Randolph or that of his partner, but each entered into the scheme with equal energy and interest; and while her husband was launching forth his fiery invective and shafts of wit from the platform, Lady Randolph was driving her phaeton up and down the streets of the city, highways and byeways alike, the Duchess of Marlborough, herself the mainstay of the Primrose League, by her side, exciting the admiration of everyone of whatever shade of political feeling. Frequently, as the fair charioteer went by, the crowd grew so enthusiastic that they would unharness the horses, about whose ears fluttered the gay ribbons of the Conservative party, and draw her on unassisted to the next stopping point. Needless to say the great Quaker stood his ground, but his position was considerably shaken, while Lord Randolph, with a defeat to his score which was worth many minor victories, crossed over to South Paddington, for which he was promptly returned. So highly did the Marquess of Salisbury rate his young follower's abilities, that he gave him the office of Secretary of State for India, and at the time Lord Randolph held this post the fertile provinces of Upper Burmah were annexed to the British Empire. During the period of Lord Randolph's retirement and of his travels in South Africa, before the word *resurgam* had been uttered, Lady Randolph enjoyed a time of well-earned repose, much of which she spent in the country with her sons, while the rest was given to society, of which she is very fond, and where she has the pleasure of the company of Mrs. "Jack" Leslie, who is hardly less popular in London than her more celebrated sister.

Lord Randolph is heir presumptive to his nephew, the ninth Duke of Marlborough, who succeeded to his title and estates in 1892.

MR W. M. CONWAY.



WHEN, in 1891, it was announced that Mr. Conway had determined to undertake an expedition to the Himalayas, it was felt by all who knew anything of him, that here the right man would be in the right place; because not only had it long been recognised that much good work was to be done in the region of the Karakoram, but Mr. Conway had also had the reputation of being one who preferred exploration to gymnastic display in the way of mountaineering. Born in 1856 at Rochester, in Kent, William Martin Conway graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1879, and shortly afterwards began to lecture on Art for the University Extension Society. He had already begun to develop his taste for mountaineering, however, and in 1881 published a "Zermatt Pocket-book and Guide to the Pennine Alps," which has since expanded into a series of "Climbers' Guides," intended ultimately to embrace the whole Alpine Chain. In 1885 he was made Professor of Art at Liverpool, in the University College, Victoria University, and in the same year he brought out two essays on Reynolds and Gainsborough, followed in the next year by a valuable work on the Early Flemish Artists.

But it was in quite another direction that Mr. Conway was to become known to fame. Previous to his great expedition in the Karakoram range, Mr. Conway had accomplished some very good work as a climber in Europe, and had won a distinguished place among the many distinguished members of the Alpine Club, but it was in his Indian expedition that he became known to the world.

The Karakoram range of mountains, which was to form the scene of operations, is situated in the north-west of India, and consists of a number of magnificent peaks, the highest of which, known as K 2, reaches the height of 28,278 feet, and is second only to the great Gaurisankar, or Mount Everest.

Starting early in 1892, Mr. Conway spent the whole of the summer season among the mountains, and the difficulties which he had to encounter during his journey were almost innumerable. He was most unfortunate in his weather,



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MR. W. M. CONWAY.

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which was persistently bad throughout the whole of the expedition, and, indeed, under the circumstances, it is quite wonderful that so much should have been accomplished.

Mr. Conway was accompanied by the Hon. C. G. Bruce, Mr. McCormick as artist, the Swiss guide Zurbriggen, and four Goorkha sepoy, besides a countless host of coolies, servants, and herdsmen; for it must be remembered that on an expedition of this magnitude it was necessary to take provisions for months.

After long and wearisome journeyings over seemingly interminable glaciers, in comparison with which the mighty glaciers of the Alps would seem mere children's playthings, the party at length reached the foot of the peak which they had determined to assault. This was a mountain which does not appear on any map, which they felicitously named the Golden Throne, and which attains to the height of some 25,000 feet. In his admirable account of this ascent, delivered to the Geographical Society and the Alpine Club, Mr. Conway has vividly described all the difficulties which had to be surmounted; how at one point the coolies declared that they would proceed no further, nor would they go back, that they were quite convinced that they must die on the expedition, and they preferred to die in that particular spot; how after an hour's argument they were induced to once more resume the journey; how the party was attacked by the perils of frost-bite, which they only just succeeded in warding off; and how, finally, they reached the summit of their peak, only to find the Golden Throne still towering 1,000 feet above them, with a deep depression cutting it off completely from the mountain they had ascended. But they had the satisfaction of reflecting that they were at that moment at the altitude of nearly 23,000 feet, at the highest point that the foot of man had ever trod. Comforting as this thought must have been, however; it was not one to be indulged in for any lengthened period. Much had to be done; photographs had to be taken, surveys to be made, barometer-readings to be observed, and, most important of all, the question of return to be debated. This was accomplished in safety, and eventually Mr. Conway and his party reached home, after a tour of eight months.

The successful conduct of an expedition like this needs more than a knowledge of mountains and glaciers; it needs an inexhaustible fund of patience, a knowledge of the way to manage men, and, more particularly, coolies; and the fact that Mr. Conway managed the whole of the expedition

without any serious mishap affords very high testimony to his powers both as a mountaineer and as a leader.

Great interest was displayed in his adventures on his return, and in his lectures to the Geographical Society and the Alpine Club Mr. Conway proved himself as able a guide through an evening's lecture as he had been over the glaciers of the Karakoram. The publication of his book will be awaited with even greater interest, for he will be then able to give a fuller account than was possible in his letters or lectures.

If there be any who have ever looked askance at the doings of the little band of mountaineers who make up the Alpine Club they must surely now be satisfied by seeing such results as the exploits of Mr. Conway in the Himalayas, Mr. Whymper in the Andes, or Mr. Freshfield, Mr. Mummery, and others in the Caucasus. These men have shown what may be done by perseverance and indomitable energy : they have shown what may be done, but they have also shown what a vast amount still remains to be done ; and in thus leading the way in genuine exploration, in avoiding all "sensational " ascents, they have demonstrated what a lot of good work can be yet accomplished. It is earnestly to be hoped that Mr. Conway may be able to continue his researches in the Himalayas—a region of which so little is known, and which offers so many attractions to the explorers.





W. & D. DOWNEY

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THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN.



IF SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN had gained distinction in the world of letters only by his admirable life of his uncle, Lord Macaulay, he would still have achieved a position of some literary eminence; but he has made important contributions to periodical literature and to the discussion of topics coming within the political and social area in which he has long held a prominent place.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Sir George, who is "of Wallington, Northumberland," comes of the very ancient Cornish family, lords of Tre Velien, near Fowey, of whom the Rev. George Trevelyan, the Venerable Archdeacon of Taunton, Canon of Wells, and Vicar of Nettlecombe, his grandfather, was an eminent descendant.

Sir George's father, the late Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan, Bart., was for some time Governor of Madras, a position from which he was recalled in consequence of his public expression of disapproval of the levy of new taxes by the Indian Government; but he was financial minister in India from 1862 to 1865, and was prominent as an advocate of administrative reforms and the promotion of native education—topics on which he wrote with marked ability and success. Sir Charles married Hannah More Macaulay, sister of the famous historian, poet, essayist, and politician. Their son, who may be said to have an intellectual inheritance, was born on the 20th July, 1838, at Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire, and received his education at Harrow School, from which he went to Cambridge, and entered at Trinity College, where, in 1861, he took second place in the classical tripos. He afterwards became honorary fellow of his college, with the degrees of M.A., LL.D., and D.C.L.

In 1865 Sir George was elected to represent Tynemouth in Parliament in the Liberal interest, and three years afterwards was returned for the Border Burghs. In December of the same year he was appointed a Civil Lord of the Admiralty in Mr. Gladstone's Government, a position which he retained

till July, 1870, when he resigned office on account of a difference of opinion on the Government Education Bill.

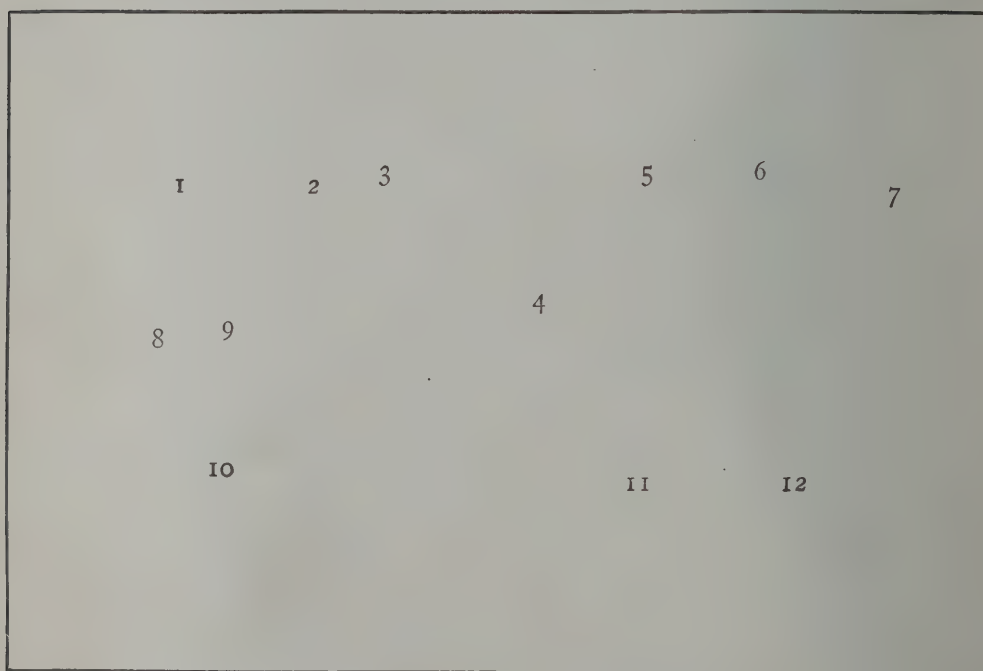
The prominent objects to which Sir George gave eager and assiduous attention were Army Reform—including the abolition of the purchase of commissions—and the Extension of the County Franchise. In November, 1880, he was again connected with the Admiralty, having succeeded Mr. Montefiore as Secretary, an appointment which he held till May, 1882, when, after the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish in Dublin, he accepted the office of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a post which only a man of firm nerve and undoubted integrity and courage could have held as he held it during the arduous and trying period from May, 1882, to October, 1884. At the latter date he relinquished the office and became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, with a seat in the Cabinet. In Mr. Gladstone's Third Government in 1885, he accepted the then new office of Secretary for Scotland, but retained it for less than a year, in consequence of his objections to the proposed legislation for Ireland.

The dissolution of Parliament in 1886 left him without a seat in the House, but in the following year he was elected to represent the Bridgeton division of Glasgow.

Sir George was married on the 29th of September, 1869, to Caroline, daughter of Robert Needham Phillips, Esq., M.P., of Manchester and Welcombe, Stratford-on-Avon, and has three sons—Charles Phillips, born October 28th, 1870, Assistant Private Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Robert Calverley, born 28th June, 1872; and George Macaulay, born 6th February, 1876. At what was known as "The Round Table Conference," Sir George had represented the Unionist party; but he afterwards announced that his objections to the Home Rule proposals had been overcome, and in 1892, having been again returned for the Bridgeton division of Glasgow, he rejoined his colleagues on the Treasury bench, where, as Secretary for Scotland, he has contributed efficiently to the debates which marked the progress, or the want of progress, of the Bill brought forward by the Liberal Government. During his varied experiences he has carried his indefatigable energy as a worker into various channels, and for the short time that he was out of Parliament he was engaged in the discussion of important social questions relating to the well-being of the poor and labouring community. Beside his great work, "The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay" (1876 and 1877), he has published articles in the magazines of very considerable interest. His

early experiences in India, and "Letters of a Competition Wallah," republished in *Macmillan's Magazine* as early as 1864, were much discussed at the time, and were followed by "Cawnpore," some humorous verse entitled "Ladies in Parliament," and other papers, which were collected and republished in 1869. In 1880 he had completed "The Early History of Charles James Fox," and his contributions to pamphlet and periodical literature have had considerable influence on the views of thoughtful people in relation to several important questions. His address, "The Visitation of the Poor in their own Homes an Indispensable Basis of an Effective System of Charity," delivered on the 27th of June, 1870, was one of the most remarkable; and in a few striking sentences Sir George records his opinion of the effects of the Poor Law. He reminded his hearers that the Poor Law "does not even profess to improve the condition of the poor, so as to hold out a hope, however distant, of the ultimate extinction of pauperism, or at least of its reduction to a minimum. In its character the Poor Law is essentially mechanical, disregarding the infinitely varied circumstances and feelings of the individual man; taking no note of anything but the same fact of destitution; imposing the workhouse task on the able-bodied, and thereby breaking up the home; and breaking down the elevating and refining influences which emanate from it; prescribing for widows and orphans, for the aged and infirm, a scale of outdoor relief barely sufficient to keep body and soul together, exhausting the strength, and precluding all hope of a return to a self-supporting state—a scale which is at once insufficient and indiscriminate, and so imperfectly checked that the idleness of the country is maintained at the expense of its struggling industry. No distinction is made between the deserving and undeserving; no attempt to discover and remove the causes of distress; no appeal to children or other relations. Sons and daughters who are doing well in the world deliberately neglect their parents in order to force them into the workhouse, and when they are there, they hold no communication with them lest they should be charged with their keep. On the other hand, the actual or collusive desertion of families, in order to throw them on the rates, is becoming more and more a national habit. A reign of universal selfishness has been inaugurated to a fearful extent, banishing forethought and self-denial, relaxing industry and self-respect, and extinguishing those relative family affections which sweeten and bind together human society."

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AND BRIDESMAIDS.



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| <p>1. Princess Alexandra of Edinburgh.
 2. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.
 3. Princess Victoria of Edinburgh.
 4. Duchess of York.
 5. Duke of York.
 6. Princess Victoria of Wales.</p> | <p>7. Princess Maud of Wales.
 8. Princess Alice of Battenberg.
 9. Princess Margaret of Connaught.
 10. Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh.
 11. Princess Victoria of Battenberg.
 12. Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught.</p> |
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WITH the events of July 6th, 1893, still fresh in everyone's mind, little need be said of the subjects of the group which we give this month. Those who wish to read fuller details concerning the Bride and Bridegroom may be referred to Parts 2 and 29 of this work, where separate portraits of each were given. A word or two about the bridesmaids will suffice.



W. & D. DOWNEY,

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AND BRIDESMAIDS.

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The Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales have also appeared in THE CABINET PORTRAIT GALLERY, their portraits being given in No. 8.

Princess Victoria of Edinburgh is the second daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, and was born in 1876; her sister, Princess Alexandra, was born in 1878; and Princess Beatrice was born in 1884.

Princess Margaret of Connaught is the eldest daughter of the Duke of Connaught, and was born in 1882; her sister, Princess Victoria Patricia, was born in 1886.

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein is the eldest daughter of Princess Christian, and was born in 1870.

Princess Victoria of Battenberg is the daughter of Princess Beatrice, and was born in 1887.

Princess Alice of Battenberg is the daughter of Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, and the grand-daughter of the late Princess Alice; she was born in 1885.



THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS.



HE Incumbent of St. James's, Marylebone, may not be a great theologian or an impressive preacher, but he is at any rate a personality, and the great world, whether it blames or praises, cannot deny that it finds him interesting. He is still more to be congratulated in that he too finds the subject interesting—which is as it should be, seeing that one has to live with oneself. Nor is he without the courage of his interest: he has never felt it necessary to practise the reticence which calls itself humility, and is often nothing but a mixture of self-consciousness and timidity. And though this has exposed him to the gibes of those who cannot distinguish between the stirrings of a petty vanity and the generous impulses of a confiding nature, his critics cannot rob him of the consolations of success. Though he is far enough from being an orator, his piquant and suggestive preaching brings him regularly a crowd of admirers; and books of his to which, with all their merits, serious exception would have to be taken if they were tried by ordinary literary standards, have run through edition after edition, largely, as one ventures to think, because they reveal so much of the thoughts and ways of their mercurial and many-sided author.

Successful as Mr. Haweis has been as preacher and author, it is conceivable that Nature, notwithstanding that his father was a dignitary of the Church and his grandfather a divine, may have designed him rather for an artistic career. Thanks to his delicate health in boyhood—he was afflicted with hip disease, was given up by Sir Benjamin Brodie, and taken to Brighton to die, which is sufficiently surprising in the case of one who at fifty-five seems so much alive all over—he was in his early years allowed to give a great deal of time to the violin. Even at Cambridge he was often fiddling when he might have been studying; but he is able to reflect that, with the exception of Sir George Trevelyan, scarcely any of his University contemporaries have risen to eminence, so that the time he gave to his beloved Stradivarius was obviously well spent. He attained to some



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THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS.

proficiency as a violinist, was much in request as an amateur, and occasionally found a fit audience who enjoyed the performance. His chief difficulty appears to have been the greatness of his talent. "I believe you never practise at all!" exclaimed his tutor, the famous Oury, on one occasion. "Nature has given you too much facility You don't deserve the gifts God has given you." As soon as he found himself settled in the East of London with clerical responsibilities to bear, the violin was eschewed, and he looked to philosophy and theology for such recreation as his arduous parish duties left him time for. It was a praiseworthy check to a strong bent, yet it is not to be supposed that by any act of will a man can change his nature. Neither music nor the other arts—for there are few points at which Mr. Haweis fails to touch life—have ever been exorcised. His first successful essay in authorship had music for its subject; and perhaps there is more of the man himself in the books he has written on things musical than in all his theological volumes, where, indeed, he does not claim to be much more than a reporter.

If it cannot be said that Mr. Haweis, with all his gifts and successes, has achieved absolute greatness in any one direction, it is very certain that he has moved much among great men. In the most recent product of his tireless pen he speaks of the last time he saw Tennyson, when though invited (by implication) to stay longer, he declined; and it may be interesting to recall the beginning of the acquaintance which had this melancholy ending. He has himself told the story, with many a jape at his own expense—how he refused to be repulsed by the servant, and insisted upon seeing Mrs. Tennyson; how Mrs. Tennyson at last consented to take his name to her husband; how as the great man approached he very audibly asked, "Is he an impostor?" how he shook hands without cordiality, and, after a chance remark or two, abruptly departed; and how the pertinacious youth did not himself depart until he had extracted from the reluctant Mrs. Tennyson an envelope bearing her name in the poet's writing! "And that," says Mr. Haweis, "was all I saw of Mr. Tennyson for nearly thirty years!" When he told the story long afterwards to Tennyson, neither the Laureate nor his wife could recall a single detail! That Mr. Haweis, blessed with such courage and perseverance as this, should be able to tell us so much about the "men of might" of his generation is not surprising.

An interlude of singular interest in a life that has been full of colour and sparkle was the share Mr. Haweis took in the Italian Revolution, between

his leaving Cambridge and his acceptance of the curacy of St. Peter's, Bethnal Green. It is as though Destiny were determined he should have an experience befitting his picturesque nature before allowing himself to be run into the clerical mould. His account of what he passed through at this time cannot be read without recalling the apostolic catalogue of perils and privations. Nine months did he travel in Italy after losing his great-coat and having his luggage stolen, "neglecting every precaution and risking every danger." During the siege of Capua he was more than once "nearly shot," twice was he "on the point of assassination," and he narrowly escaped being blown to pieces by a shell at the batteries of St. Angelo. And added to all this were the hazards of pestilence and exposure! Well may he reflect that his "rickety constitution" must, after all, have been made of iron. "I dare say I shall live to the age of Methuselah," he remarks. "So mote it be!" we may presume to add. For even to the twenty-ninth and thirtieth generations, posterity is not likely to grow weary of one who is bound by the laws of his nature to be amusing, and who recognises so adequately the duty of the pulpit to qualify edification with diversion.



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